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WOODSTOCK LETTERS

A RECORD

Of Current Events and Historical Notes connected with the Colleges and Missions of the Soc. of Jesus in North and South America.

VOL. XII.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. XII, No. 1.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY FATHER NICHOLAS POINT.

CHAPTER III.

On the March.

We started from Westport on the tenth of May, taking along with us in five, two-wheeled wagons all the treasures of our dear mission. Two Canadians, experienced teamsters, and three of our Brothers, who were new hands at the business, had charge of the wagons. The priests, three in number, journeyed in the saddle.

On leaving Westport, which is separated from the river by a woodland stretch two or three miles in width, we came in view of a smiling expanse of country known among the natives as the 'Great Prairie'; it was the great desert-land of the West. What a noble prospect it afforded! It was in itself a sight to gladden any missionary's eyes. What a joy then, for such as my own, which for twenty years had lighted on little else besides grim, college walls! A glimpse of that distant, azured landscape roused in me a thrill of pleasure! At last I was face to face with fancy's ideal beauties of a missionary life! So my thoughts came and went, while the tiny prairie flowers, thousands upon thousands of

which tinted the ground with varied colors, seemed to rivet me to the spot.

In the course of this, our first day's march, we came across the savages. Generally, a first encampment in the wilderness has linked with it one or more other events of importance. In this regard we were not to be without the general experience; for the day on which we pitched our first camp, was the Feast of St. Francis de Girolamo, one of our greatest missionaries.

On the following day we traversed the Shawnee and Delaware country. Here we saw nothing of note, unless I mention a methodist school-house whose existence thereabouts, at least so far as it depended on us to account for it, was without any meaning whatever; continuing on in the heart of a lovely, fruitful land, we reached the right bank of the Kansas river, where, in company with two men who had conveyed part of our luggage to this point by water, we met with two Indians, kinsmen to the great chief of the Kaws. They had come thither expressly to meet us. One of them straightway helped in getting the beasts of burden across the stream by swimming in their front, the other meanwhile announced our arrival to the chiefs of the tribe who awaited us on the opposite bank of the river.

It was soon made known to the chiefs that we would make our camp within about six miles of their village; whereupon, they immediately broke off from the caravan at a gallop and disappeared behind a cloud of dust. The object of this summary flight was soon made known to us, when as we were putting up our lodges, we were visited by the head chief of the tribe and six of his chosen warriors, who had come to proffer us their Indian hospitality.

Of course on such an occasion ceremony was indispensable. First we seated ourselves on a mat which the chief had spread upon the sward; then drawing a purse from his pocket the chief took a written paper from it which he handed to Fr. De Smet for perusal. It was a document signed by the President of the United States, recommending the chief's tribe to the good will of the whites. All this time

the calumet was not forgotten; neither on our part did we omit the gift due under the circumstances as a recognition of the honor done us by the chief in placing at our disposal his two warriors who had visited us at Westport. These two braves, one armed with lance and shield, the other with sword and bow, stood guard before our doors the three days during which we were forced to wait for the late arrivals.

It was the eighteenth of May by the time the American Colony was ready for the march. Their expedition was a search one after the much vaunted gold of California. The most important personage by far among the number comprising the expedition, was a gentleman, named Colonel Burleston, who had been chosen as its leader. He was a man who had already entered upon the decline of life, was peaceful in disposition, yet having much energy of character. He was lavish in his attentions to us throughout the journey's length.

In point of religion, his belief was that no special form is necessary; on the contrary he deemed it all sufficient that a man be able to accommodate himself to that of the people into whose company he may be thrown. This creed of the Colonel's evidently was not one and the same with our own; still we treated him with the like courtesy he bestowed on us, and in this way perfect friendship marked our mutual relations to the last.

As to the other travelers, diversity of every sort, in age, nationality, and religious belief was apparent among them. There were some who were wholly bent on acquiring wealth; others intent solely on pleasure; others again of the years and type of the Prodigal Son had just freed the home circle of their wretched presence. Yet despite these different personal aims of each, all held one purpose in common, that of preserving their lives through the march, come what would. This spirit of union had its good result in making the establishment of discipline a matter of easy execution.

It was of the first importance in the vast solitudes through which we now traveled that we should have an experienced guide. The choice for one was accordingly made, it falling

not on the Colonel, who, indeed, had never once crossed the mountains, but upon the Captain whom Fr. De Smet had engaged to lead our party. This Captain was a brave Irishman to whom the Indians had given the name of 'White Head.' By way of recommendation for the post to which he was chosen, he had spent two-thirds of his life in crossing and recrossing the plains. One result of this choice, be it remarked, was that our little party went to the front, so that we came to be regarded as the foremost body of the vanguard.

The duties of the guide are very important: thus, the Captain at early dawn gave the signal for rising and for departure, and once upon the road he regulated the march and halting times; he also chose the ground for camp and looked to the keeping of discipline.

Whenever it was possible, we encamped on a woody bank of some river, in order not to be without water for drink and wood to serve for fuel to our fires. First of all, the Captain would point out the spot for erecting the tent; then the wagons were ranged around, either in a circle or in a square, each being more or less perfectly formed according as the lay of the land allowed; care, however, was always taken that the wagons formed an enclosure, which might serve the dumb animals as a place of safety, in case there should be any need of such during the night.

For greater security each owner of the animals tied them to stakes planted in the ground at suitable intervals; the tethers used were long enough to permit of the animals grazing with ease. From the first moment that sleep reigned over the camp until the following daybreak each traveler in turn, even down to the priests, kept watch to guard from any surprise of the enemy.

Our brave little force numbered seventy, all told, out of whom more than fifty were capable of bearing arms. As it must seem in the judgment even of the most prudent minded, such a force was more than sufficient for the march, great though it was, we had undertaken.

On the nineteenth of May, while the main part of the ex-

pedition advanced due West, Fathers De Smet and Point turned towards the left to visit the first village of the Kaws. While as yet a good distance from their lodges we were struck by the great resemblance they bore to the large stacks that cover our fields after harvest time. There were about twenty lodges in all, grouped without order, each covering a circular area 120 ft. in circumference; this space amply sufficed for sheltering thirty or forty persons. Judging from these numbers, the whole village must contain from seven to eight hundred, the calculation being based upon the fact that the total population which numbers fifteen hundred makes up *two* villages.

The lodges are of a peculiar kind combining the useful, ornamental, and substantial all in one: the walls are circular, rising perpendicularly to a height of perhaps six feet; from the top of these walls curved poles are extended, and are made to lie in such a direction that if they were long enough their ends would meet at the centre point of the roof. This effect however is not desirable; so instead they form at that point an opening which is both window and chimney to the structure. The door of the lodge opens on that quarter which is least exposed to the winds. The hearth is located between four stakes which prop up the roof. The couches are placed in a circle round the wall, and in the space comprised between the couches and the hearth fire, the frequenters of the lodge are to be found, some standing, others seated or lying down either upon the skins of animals or upon rush mats. It seems that the latter are deemed more presentable for a guest, since it was one of them that was offered us on our entrance into the lodge.

It would be no easy task, were I to render a detailed account of all the curious sights witnessed during the half-hour we spent among those strange beings. A Flemish painter would have found in them a treasure. What struck me most forcibly of all during our stay was the savage physiognomy, so well in keeping with the character. The striking attitudes and easy gestures of the Indians were also to be remarked; but especially the variety of their occupations.

Only the women were working, and these the better to give themselves to their labors had disposed their offspring all around them ; placing some at their feet, others in a nook or corner, while such as were unable to walk were strapped on to pieces of board-bark whose length and breadth had been determined with a view to providing for baby occupant's protruding limbs. The men were on the point of taking a meal (their principal occupation, by the by, when not engaged upon the war-path or the hunt); as for the rest of the tribe, they were occupied in smoking, chatting, and laughing; some were removing from off their faces whatever down, eyelashes, and eyebrows they could find, others were busy arranging their hair. This last occupation is a favorite one of the savages and they give much time to it. Contrary to the customs of the other tribes, who invariably wear the hair very long, the Kaws shave all the hair off their heads, with the exception of a tuft left on the crown of the head to be decked out by means of the most beautiful and splendid ornament that, according to Indian fancy, can adorn the head of man. The ornament I speak of is an eagle's feather, which is invariably used when obtainable because of its being emblematic of courage. Most commonly it stands upright upon the head, though sometimes it is seen drooping down over the nape of the neck, and again may be seen fluttering to and fro in the wind, resembling not a little in its motions the vane upon a house-top.

Meanwhile, as the great ones of the tribe were smoking the peace calumet with Fr. De Smet, I was giving my whole attention to a savage dandy standing near, who ever and anon would scan himself over and then betake himself to training his head dress into an ideal state of comeliness. All to no purpose however! His looks and actions told, as plainly as words could, his ill success! I soon took my eyes off this sight, however, on account of a feeling that I myself was an object, at least, of attention, not to say, amusement, to the Indian children. What could be wrong with me? I asked of myself. Then suddenly recollecting that my beard had gone unshorn for some days past, I hit upon

the reason of the children's mirth. Surely enough, I must have indeed been a rare subject of merriment to beings whose ideal of human beauty was such that it remained unfulfilled so long as a face was marked by so much as a single eyelash or a head wore any part of its natural covering!

But so far we have been alluding to one feature only in the general costume of these savages, while their painstaking in regard to this is merely a slight instance of the vanity they display about everything connected with their outward person. In order, then, to frame some idea of the appearance of a Kaw warrior who prides himself on his bodily attire, many another trapping is to be added to his dress besides those we have mentioned; for almost every portion of his body is bedecked with finery. Thus, for instance, a dash of vermilion is usually seen above either eye, and huge streaks of paint, blue, black, and red, wander over every portion of his face. The ears are drawn down by the weight of clay, glass, shell, mother of pearl and porcelain ornaments dangling from them and which rest in a confused heap upon the shoulders. Another object that catches a Kaw's fancy is the collar he wears about his neck, which rounds into a half-circle in its fall upon the breast and holds pendant from it a silver or copper medal. Arms and wrists bear their mite too of the body's general encumbrance, being encircled by brass, wire, and tin bracelets. Nor are we yet at the end of our catalogue. The loins are girded with a gaudy colored belt from which depend a tobacco pouch ornamented with glass beads, and a handsomely decorated case to hold the hunting knife.

Finally, add to this regalia a cloak-covering of wool, black, white, green, or red as the case may be, and you have the picture of a Kaw warrior whose appearance everywhere among his people will excite envy and admiration.

In many respects, as in dress, in manner of speech and worship, and in their mode of warfare, the Kaws resemble their neighbors, the Osages, with whom they maintain friendly relations. The Kaws are tall and well formed in body and, as I

remarked before, their bearing is very manly. Their speech besides being monosyllabic and guttural is further noticeable for the decided and lengthened manner in which they pronounce the final syllables, a habit that helps ever so much to add to the monotony of their singing. The Kaw has strength of limb, courage of heart, and moreover a better gift than either of these last in the shape of a larger amount of common sense than usually falls to the lot of the savage. Like the white man, when at war or upon the hunt he uses the carbine, in which he possesses an immense advantage over his foes.

There are some really distinguished men to be met with among their chiefs. The one most famous of all, and that I take it, by reason of Bonneville's mention of him in his memoirs, is called 'White Plume.' In describing him, the author of the Conquest of Granada gives him a nature of the true, chivalric stamp, and among other things speaks of his understanding, candor, courage, and generosity as being far from common. He was especially intimate with M. Lacroix, one of the first Catholic missionaries to visit this part of the West, and entertained, both for him and for all those whom the Indians call *Black Robes*, the greatest esteem. He did not extend the same reverence to the Protestant ministers, for whom, in fact, he felt neither affection nor respect. One day, one of the ministers approached him with the purpose of converting him over to his creed. "Well," returned White Plume, when the minister had had his say, "of course a change of religion is good, provided we forsake the old one to adopt a better. As for me, persuaded as I am of the good wrought by the Black Robes, if you would convert me, you must first quit your wife and put on the gown I shall make ready for you ; then, we may talk of conversion." The gown was brought forward, but, it is needless to say, the minister was not forthcoming.

The Kaws have other neighbors in the Pawnees with whom they wage a bitter war of extermination. Last winter eighty Pawnee women and children were massacred by the Kaws. Yet cruel and vindictive as the latter are in re-

gard of their enemies, do not think them entirely devoid of the finer feelings of tenderness and compassion. They are inconsolable over the loss of their relatives and carry their grief to the utmost bounds. I would you had been witness to the looks of grave surprise and tender pity, that overspread the faces of the Indians who visited my little chapel at Westport as they viewed a picture of Our Lady of Sorrows and an 'Ecce Homo,' and listened meanwhile to the interpreter telling them that the head crowned with thorns was that of the Saviour-God, that the heart pierced with seven daggers was that of his mother, and that they had suffered shame and suffering for our sins.

On leaving the village of the Kaws we passed over a field, then laid waste, that had been cleared, enclosed, and sown over with seed for the tribe by the United States Government.

Between Westport and the Platte river lies a rolling country whose undulations remind one for all the world of the rolling of the billows in a tempest-tossed sea. On the tops of the knolls we found shells and a number of petrified substances such as are occasionally met with on some mountains of Europe. I doubt not that an honest-minded geologist would find here as well as elsewhere indisputable proofs of the deluge. I may add that a piece of stone taken from the spot and still in my possession, furnishes abundant evidence in this respect.

As the traveler leaves Missouri and goes farther west, the forests become less tall and dense owing to the poor irrigation of the land. Upon the banks of small tributary streams the merest outline of wood-growth is visible, but nothing approaching to a real forest is anywhere to be seen. Along the brooks only a few low willows grow, but wherever there is no water you would seek in vain for anything taller than grass.

This intimate relation between water and vegetation was so palpable that before we had been eight days upon the march, the beasts of burden (especially if the march was at all long) would brace up and quicken their pace when-

ever they caught sight of a clump of trees looming up in the distance. This scarcity of woods in the West, not to be remarked in any other part of North America, is the outcome of two principal causes. . . . .

Two or three days passed, when upon our left we sighted two savages. One of them had wrapped himself up in an American flag instead of a blanket; the other had a scalp fastened to his horse's bit. Both were Pawnees. This sight seemed to proclaim that some harm had befallen our hosts, the Kaws. But, on being asked by the Captain what success they had met with on their expedition, they replied that they had not seen the Kaws and were very hungry. We then distributed to the fellows and fifteen others who followed them food and materials for smoking. They eat the food given them, but would not smoke, and, against the common usage of the savages who never leave upon taking one meal but wait for another, departed as if they were poorly satisfied with their treatment and fare. Their unceremonious departure, the unsmoked calumet, the sudden return of their expedition, their poor success, their well known proclivities for thieving, all combined, made us fearful of malicious designs on their part, if not upon ourselves personally, at least upon our baggage. Thanks be to God, our fears were not realized; for after their disappearance we saw no more of them!

In the commencement of June we were encamped upon the banks of a river which in the opinion of some has not its equal in the world. It is called by the savages, *Nebraska* or, the river of the stags; by the French travelers, the *Platte;* and Father De Smet, in his first account of the Rocky Mountains, says that it is the most wonderful and at the same time the most useless river in existence.

After the Missouri river, which is to the West what the Mississippi is to the North and South, the most beautiful rivers in these parts are the Kansas, the Platte, Sweet Water river and Green river. The first-named empties itself into the Missouri river and is remarkable for the great number of its confluents, no less than eighteen of which we

counted flowing through the country lying between the Kansas and the Platte. Such a number must necessarily have numerous sources, which, in turn, must have their origin in very solid earth. With the Platte the case is the reverse of the preceding: for it flows through highlands which run parallel with the river-banks for some distance, and upon these highlands neither sign of water nor a particle of shade is discernible; because the soil, being for the most part composed of sand, is everywhere so porous, that the rain scarcely falls from the clouds before it runs down into the depths of the valleys. For this reason, too, it is, that the neighboring prairies acquire their amazing fertility. During the spring-time, especially, the prairies offer a lovely sight, for then they produce a great variety of flowers. On the Eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart I was able to gather a whole basket of flowers by plucking one only of each kind. The commonest flower is the prairie hawthorn, a small, yellow flower of five leaves. The prairies which abound in them appear altogether destitute of green when seen from afar, but shine as if invested with a covering of gold. The thorn resembles much the daffodil of Northern France.

Now to come to the American cactus, the prettiest flowered plant in these sections, which also has been transplanted and nursed with success in the gardens of Europe. Nowhere have I seen anything more limpid and life-like than the carnation hue of its flower whose bell-mouthed cup possesses every color of the rose and every shade of green. It is armed with thorns and attains a height of two inches from the ground; its natural beds of growth seem to be in the prairies alone. Taken all in all, it is a far better emblem than the rose of this poor world's pleasures.

The choicest flower of the prairies resembles the campanula of Europe, though the union of its parts is better, and it eclipses the latter also in the delicacy of its tints, which vary from clearest white to deepest blue.

The noblest flower, Adam's needle, thrives only in the mountains. Midway up its stem, which is about three feet

high, it shoots out into a very compactly formed pyramid of flowers, light red in color. In form it is the image of an upturned diadem; its breadth dwindles down gradually towards the top where it finally develops itself into a point. At its base it has a sort of protection in a species of long, tough, prickly leaves. Its root is used in the manufacture of Mexican soap, as it is called, and again, when needs be, it serves as a nourishing substance to the Indians.

We saw three other specimens of flowers which, I dare say, are rare even in America, and certainly unknown to the general lot of travelers. The first of these specimens in the arrangement of its bronzed leaves immediately put us in mind of a Corinthian capital; we accordingly gave it a name to match with its looks, calling it *Corinthian plant.* The second plant, I speak of, was straw-colored, and its broad stock and branches brought up in our minds the recollection of the sheaf Joseph had seen in his dream: we called it, therefore, *Joseph's sheaf.* The third plant had for its flower a round, yellow disk with here and there tints of blue and red; the disk was made up of seven or eight petals any one of which taken singly had formed a sweet flower indeed: we named it *La Dominicale,* both because it was lady mistress of the prairie flowers and because we discovered it on a Sunday.

The Platte is always a beautiful sight to behold, and often it is even an inspiring one; and that in spite of its beauties, it has so common a name, we must pardon the travelers who gave it, seeing that they were ignorant of meet terms which might bear out comparisons and applied to things the first name that crossed their minds. Nor in the case before us was the appellation given to the river without reason: for the *Nebraska* of the Indians was well styled the Platte, in as much as while its width was accounted to be six thousand feet, its depth ranged from six feet at the maximum down to less than one.

Despite the oft-repeated warnings of the Captain, a young man of the party had wandered off, in order to go and hunt the buffalo. He fell into the hands of a party of Indians,

who deprived him of his gun and horse, and answered his complaints for the robbery by threats of personal violence. Enraged, rather than dismayed at this treatment, he hurried back to camp, and raised an alarm. It was drawing towards evening, the camping ground had already been chosen, and the horses turned loose, when the alarm reached us. In the twinkling of an eye, the horses were saddled and bridled, and all had mounted and were drawn up in order of battle. It was the Colonel who took charge of all the arrangements. The women and children were placed between two lines of wagons. The men capable of bearing arms were ranged to the right and left. Far off, several parties of Indians were seen uniting into one body. The younger men were eager to fall upon the robbers without delay, especially the one who had been plundered wanted to slaughter them all, and to smash everything, unless his property was restored. He had already started off, swinging his gun in the air, and with such speed that he did not notice it, when his cap was carried away. Fortunately, he was followed by our Captain, who would never allow his feelings to run away with his judgment, a man of long and varied experience, whom, to our great good fortune, the Indians quickly recognized by his white locks, and instead of hostilities, peaceful terms of restitution were proposed. Our truculent youth could learn a useful lesson from this occurrence, that moderation and good sense can accomplish more, even with savages, than force and fury. The Indians were Cheyennes, who were roaming about in quest of adventure, after the manner of veritable knights-errant; they have the reputation of being the bravest of the prairie tribes.

They encamped within twenty paces of us; and soon all distrust being laid aside, the only thought was how we could best display our feelings of mutual confidence: the lances were planted in the ground, and the shields hung upon them, and the warriors gathered together in small groups. They chat, and listen, and question, and laugh, and smoke the calumet in our honor. In general, the Cheyennes are less forbidding in physiognomy than the Kaws;

I have even remarked some countenances of so gentle a type that there seemed to be nothing of the savage about them. Their dress and general make up are the same as that of all the Indians: hair plastered over with a red pigment; face smeared with blue, red, white and black paints; clothes fringed with porcupine quills, and bead-work.

The chief was invited to our table; and in the evening, at our request, he sent his men back to their own camp. Next day, and for several days succeeding, they followed us closely, until we had passed the river.

To cross the river, you kill a number of buffaloes, take their hides, stretch them into a canoe-shape by means of sticks, and fill up the seams with the tallow of the animal. Then you pile on board of this craft whatever you want to transport, and row or push the whole concern across to the other side.

We got over with less trouble this time, for our guides discovered a ford: but we had to use great precautions, particularly with the oxen, which are much harder to manage than horses. Whilst the first driver goaded them on from his high seat, his subordinates on horseback at either side, or on foot in the middle of the stream, shouted and whipped them to make the team advance, and to prevent them from turning aside. For greater safety, cords were stretched from the tops of the wagons, and being drawn taut by vigorous arms, they helped to keep things well balanced. The roaring of the waters, the bellowing of the oxen, the neighing of the horses, the excited and ear-splitting shouts of the drivers—all combined to make up the most horrid din that I ever listened to; it was astonishing that we effected the passage almost without any mishap.

The most embarrassed members of the caravan were the poor dogs: how they scudded up and down the bank! how they made the air resound with their plaintive howls! The greater number of them held back until the night without daring to attempt the passage. Finally, the example of the boldest encouraged the rest to entrust themselves to the

treacherous element, and with desperate efforts they rejoined the camp.

Every one has heard of the rattlesnakes and mosquitoes, which are so frequently mentioned in the reports of the early missionaries of America. I shall then only speak of them in order to take the occasion to return thanks to God for the patience with which he fortified us to endure the continual assaults of the one, and the signal protection with which he guarded us against the other. On the feast of St. Francis Regis, without leaving the wagon track, the drivers killed with their whips, a dozen rattlesnakes, whose enraged appearance and rattles sounding the charge sufficiently indicated their hostile intentions.

After the mosquito, the little harmless ant is the most common insect. At almost every step, you come across their villages, several feet in diameter, and composed, not of seeds and grain as those which are found in our fields and gardens at home, but of pebbles. This difference would seem to require a modification in the opinion of those, who concede to them equal foresight both in regard to their food and the shape of their habitations. The grain which they collect in our country may well supply them with a winter store of provisions, but it is not so clear that it is to serve for the other end which the supporters of the above mentioned opinion contend for; and so much the more, because different kind of food is stored up in their chambers. But the instinct with which God has endowed them is not the less admirable. Why those villages composed of little globules? the globules methodically arranged in heaps? the regular inclination of those heaps? the entrance always opposite to the direction of the prevailing wind? All these surely manifest in these tiny heads a wisdom that comes from some cause superior to themselves.

Humming Birds. In the Relation of Paraguay, Murazilli credits them with the power of singing equal to the nightingale, and wonders how such grand notes can issue from such insignificant bodies. Unless those of South

America differ in this respect from those that I have seen, we must say that it is only by analogy that the illustrious author joins the ravishing power of song to such enchanting plumage. This little masterpiece of beauty feeds only upon the honey of flowers: he extracts his nourishment by means of his tongue which he prolongs, and before plunging it into the flower, he poises himself and seems to hum after the manner of the bee. But if you listen and regard him more closely, you will be convinced that the humming is caused by the rapid vibration of his tiny wings.

Prairie Dogs. I do not know how or why this name was applied to these animals: for they resemble a squirrel more than a dog in shape, size, color, timidity and agility. Many are of the opinion that they are a species of marmot. Each family has its own domicile and burrow, and the families are so numerous as to constitute communities of villages. These villages differ from those of the beaver, in that they are as far removed from water as is possible. It is said that they feed upon the roots of grass and drink only the dew. It is one of the marvellous traditions among Western travelers that they sometimes issue from their burrows in a body to hold a mass meeting. When the prairie dog sees or hears anything hostile, he tumbles into his hole, and utters a sharp bark which is quickly repeated from lodge to lodge, thereby warning the inhabitants to be upon their guard. But as he is by nature very inquisitive, at the end of a few minutes, you will see his nose reappearing at the door, and the hunter who is lying in wait for him, chooses this moment to kill him. It requires much skill to capture him, for the little animal is quick in his movements, and possessed of the keenest sight, and never strays far from his little hillock.

Beavers. What is reported of the extraordinary strength of their four teeth is quite true, for I have seen trees of more than a foot in diameter, cut entirely through by means of these instruments apparently so feeble. I cannot say whether what is added in regard to their manner of working can also stand criticism: for it is reported that before felling

the trees that are to serve in the construction of their dams, they examine among the trees proper for the purpose and select those which lean in the direction of the place where they are going to build; if there be none which offers this advantage, they wait until a strong wind comes to their aid, and when the wind is bending the tree in the right direction, they go to work and it is quickly floating in the stream.

Frogs. There is a species of frog which differs essentially from ours, in that it has a tail, and lives in dry, stony and hot places. I have heard it called a Salamander.

On the 28th of June, we left Fort Laramie, directing our course towards the West. In proportion as we advanced, the traces of vegetation became more sombre, the outline of the hills more severe, the front of the mountains more frowning. On all sides, there appeared the signs not of decline, but of old age, or rather of the most venerable antiquity.

The most remarkable object in this sublime solitude is *Independence Rock* so called, not because of its isolation and bold prominence, but because the Americans who first took the idea of giving it a name, arrived in its neighborhood on the anniversary of their separation from Great Britain. It is probable that after naming it, they affixed their signature along with the date, and hence its surname, *The Great Register of the Desert.*

We arrived there on the 5th of July, and, according to custom, each of us inscribed his name. At the base of this colossus flows tranquilly the little stream that is called *Sweetwater.* It is remarkable for its clearness and its numerous windings, a proof of the little inclination of the stream. But on ascending somewhat towards its source, its character changes completely. It is seen bounding along, or rather it is heard to fling itself down through a long cañon, choked up with thousands of boulders, in murky volumes and with horrid roar, which has earned for it the name of *The Devil's Entrance.*

Buffalo are so plentiful here that one of our people in a few hours killed as many as eleven of them, bringing in to

camp only their tongues. Already two long months have passed since we entered upon the wilderness, but at length we are drawing nigh to those dear mountains, whither our most ardent wishes transported us long ago. There was a celebration in the camp in honor of the Rocky Mountains. Why are they called *Rocky?* Because they are composed of granite and silex. Some travelers have assigned to them the prouder title of *Backbone of the World*, because their principal chain runs along the whole length of the American continent.

It was towards the middle of July, when, having cleared the eastern spurs of the Rocky Mountain Range, we left the tributaries of the Missouri behind us, and looked down upon the streams which empty into the Pacific Ocean. How magnificent the horizon! But who can describe the grandeur of the scene? With the Royal Prophet, we exclaim: *Ab ortu solis usque ad occasum, laudabile nomen Domini;* and we carved upon the bark of a lofty cedar that Name ever adorable, before which every knee must bend in Heaven, on earth, and in hell. May this blessed Name be for those who come after us a sign of hope and salvation!

On our descent from these heights, we first followed the course of the *Little* and *Big Sandy rivers*, and afterwards we crossed them. During three days, our teams wandered through sandy wastes, scarcely knowing which direction to take. There was neither good pasturage for our animals, nor good game for our men; we recalled with regret the eleven buffalo tongues of the Sweetwater.

On the 24th of July, we came to the banks of *Green River:* everything was smiling around us, and we were swimming in abundance. It was here that nine years before the wagons of Captain Bonneville had found their Columns of Hercules; and on this spot, we met the advance parties of the Flatheads, and also a party of French Canadians, who were returning from California.

To the question, "What news?" these latter replied by drawing so discouraging a picture, that many of the adventurers in our caravan thought only of profiting by the cir-

cumstance and retracing their steps. We remained two days in this place, to the great satisfaction of all those who wished to take a rest. We had the happiness of celebrating the Sacred Mysteries, at which all the Catholics assisted with the greatest reverence.

When the encampment was broken up, and the day of parting came, two of those who had shared our lodge, the hunter and a young Englishman, came to bid us farewell. The latter was a Protestant; nevertheless, in spite of his religious principles, he promised that should Providence ever bring us together again, he should esteem it a favor to testify his gratitude for the kindness we had shown him. I recall this beautiful reflexion of his: "One must journey in the desert to see how Providence cares for the wants of man." What has become of him? I have learned that he reached his home in safety—that is all; but that his companion, without a moment's warning, was assassinated by an Indian woman, who had a grudge against his family.

As for those who were homeward bound from California many of them were well aware that they needed to be reconciled with more than one obligation, and all of them made fair promises to comply with their duty—*but next year.* For the greater number of them the next year was never to come: scarcely a fortnight had elapsed before they were attacked and killed, some by the Sioux, and others by the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, and amongst the slain was the greatest blasphemer of the whole party. Their leader was one of the first to fall, shot dead with a musket. Poor man! He had made his fortune, and looked forward to spending his remaining years in comfortable ease.

During these days our line of march led through a labyrinth of mountains. One day, we had traveled without intermission from daybreak till evening, and finding no way to get through, we were obliged to retrace our steps, surrounded on all sides by robbers and murderers.

Afterwards, our route was for a long time over a great plain, and by keeping along *Bear River*, we reached the most beautiful camping ground that we had yet seen. Clear

springs, delicious fruit, game in abundance, landscapes the most smiling, variegated and picturesque, in a word, all the surroundings seemed to invite the travelers to make this their winter quarters, and there were some who were seriously inclined to do so, but as all were not of this mind, and numbers were required to be safe in these districts, we made our way towards a pass, and came out upon a plain boundless in extent both to the right and the left. Here we separated, the Missionaries inclining towards the right, and the Americans making their way down towards the left.

We had spent three months together, sharing the same fortunes, exposed to the same dangers, and we felt like countrymen towards each other. Our leavetaking was sad: many prejudices had disappeared from their minds, but the greater part of them remained attached to their errors, which gave us but little hope of meeting them again in our true country.

For the three following days, we were obliged to journey until dark, in order to reach places that were fit for camping. On the afternoon of the third day, we had been already eleven hours on the march, and we were still advancing through a gorge that seemed to lead to the end of the world. Left and right beetling mountain peaks towered aloft; before us, it is true, there was some kind of open passage, since the river flowed in that direction, but it seemed so narrow, and the stream was so rapid, that it appeared impossible for a cart to find room to pass. Nevertheless, our gallant guide did not recoil before any obstacle, unless it was clearly proved insurmountable: he commanded a halt, whilst he went forward to explore the way. How glad we were when he gave the signal to come forward. Between the rocks there was just the space to let us through between Scylla and Charybdis: an hour afterwards we were within a few miles of Fort Hall, returning thanks to God for the constant protection which He had extended over us.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

Lake Superior.

Letter of Fr. Specht to Rev. Fr. Henry Hudon.

Sault-au-Recollet,
September 27, 1882.

Rev'd Father Superior,
P. C.

In spite of my good will, I was not able to send you sooner the account of my trip of last spring. I dare hope, however, that it will not be the less interesting for being a little behind time. This was the longest and most difficult of all my journeys among the Indians; but, to make up for it, it was also the most abundant in the fruits of salvation. I had to struggle against difficulties of every kind, but after toil comes harvest, and after trials, consolation. For companions of my journey and my hardships, I had two young Christian Indians, of whom it will not be out of place to say a word before beginning my account. They are two worthy fellows, as good as ever were, and have nothing Indian about them but their name and appearance; for under an outside that is rude, if you will, they possess hearts of gold. They worked all day long, especially in the portages which are very numerous and difficult, and, notwithstanding all this, they were always cheerful and full of foresight for me. And they did not do this for the sake of their pay, for I gave each of them only twenty-five cents a day, that is, at the most, one-fourth of what is usually given to those who do the same work. One of them, whom we call familiarly "Our Henry," deserves a special mention. He is a very zealous young man, very punctual in frequenting the sacraments, and has at heart the interests of our holy religion which he defends at all times without fear or human respect. Some of the wags have surnamed him the "Kitchi-Ossaie,"

that is, the "Coadjutor Brother." He has accompanied the missionary almost all the time since he became a Christian, that is, for several years. So, our Christians, when they see him coming, know that the missionary is not far off. As for Henry himself, he is proud of his position and he has a right to be. So you see, Reverend Father, there are noble hearts everywhere, even among our children of the forests. But to come to the real matter of this letter.

Fortified by the blessing of my Superior and the good wishes of my brothers in religion, taking with me Henry's brother, I left Fort William on Saturday morning, the 11th of last March. The indispensable "tobogan," or Indian sled, drawn by four dogs, carried my chapel, my own and my companion's blanket, a few books, and my modest collection of cooking utensils. The shortest way, and the one usually followed, would have been to go straight to the end of Thunder Bay and there to cross the portage so as to come out on Black Sturgeon's Bay, commonly called "Black Bay." This is our winter route to the missions at the north of Lake Superior; and it is much shorter than the route we follow in summer, which we always make in a boat or a bark canoe. However, as much to save Fr. Baxter a journey of some twenty miles as to draw some edification for myself from our good Catholics, who are chiefly Irish, I turned my steps towards Silver Islet, where I arrived the following morning, Sunday. My visit was the more agreeable to them from their not having seen the missionary for some time. I stayed with them Sunday, Monday, and a part of Tuesday, the 14th of March. A good number profited by my stay to make their Easter duty. In the afternoon of the 14th, I set out again, and in two days was at Red Rock, the first of my stations. On arriving there, I learned with sorrow that Fr. Hébert was seriously ill, and that he had fallen sick the very day after my departure from Fort William. I determined, therefore, not to leave the place before I should have received some news, good or bad, of the Father's health.

At the same time, I exhorted my Christians to fulfil their

Easter duties as soon as possible, as I did not know yet whether I could continue my journey, or should be obliged to retrace my steps. On the 22nd March, I got a letter from Fr. Hébert telling me that his health was improving and giving me to understand that I could go on. You can easily believe that this message brought joy to myself and to my Christians, too, who were continually asking for news of the Father's health. Satisfied that they could do without me at Fort William, I set out for Fort Nepigon at sunset on the 27th, taking with me Henry and a half-breed. The night was cold, but fine, and a brilliant moonlight made it as bright as day.

We took advantage of this to journey on until midnight when we arrived at a portage. There we had to stop, so we had time to take some food and a short nap to prepare for the hardships to come. On the following day we started early, but had not time to go very far; for, towards noon, a severe snow-storm forced us to seek shelter in the woods. It was so bitter and the snow fell so thick in all directions that we could not distinguish the river's bank—we were on the Nepigon—at a stone's throw from us. The next morning the sky was clear, and we set out again in an intense cold, and on the 30th, arrived at Fort Nepigon, where Mr. Henri de la Ronde, the Agent, as usual, welcomed me very cordially. While they were getting some food ready, I had not to be asked twice to sit by the stove and warm my limbs which were quite numb from cold. I had scarcely sat down, however, before I began to feel the first attacks of snow-blindness. This painful malady very often affects those who travel over a large extent of snow for a considerable time while the sun is up, during March or April. I had been three days on the river and the lakes, and it was enough to catch it. I felt it for the rest of the day; and the day following, it was so severe that I had to give up even the reading of the breviary. I had often heard of snow-blindness, but now I know what it is by experience.

When I got to Nepigon, I found but a dozen persons

there, the Agent, his sister, and the people in service about the Fort. The others were scattered here and there in little parties, for the most part hunting at the mouth of some river at different points of the country about Lake Nepigon. The missionary is accustomed to visit each of these little parties in the springtime, giving them a chance to make their Easter duties. This year I was obliged to pass by two of them, one of "Negondinonong" and the other of "Onamanisaging," the former, because illness hindered me from going to visit them, and the latter, because they had gone too far inland. Consequently, I was able to make a good stay at the Fort. This was just what Mr. de la Ronde desired, as he is never so happy as when he has the missionary under his roof, and it is from him we receive hospitality all the time we are at the Fort. It is at his residence, too, that we have divine service in summer, in a building set apart for that purpose, and in winter, on account of the intense cold, in his private dwelling. I stayed with him three whole weeks. I left my little retreat but twice, to visit some sick persons. The first time was on Palm Sunday, the 2d of April. Just before High Mass, I was told that a man and a young girl were dangerously ill at a place called "Namewaminkaning" that is, the Sturgeon Fishery, about forty-five miles to the east of Lake Nepigon. It was simply a matter of crossing the lake, so I set out with two men at sunset; but the weather forced us to seek shelter in the woods, so that it took us two days to get to the sick persons. I lost no time in giving Extreme Unction to the young woman, and as the other had no need of it, I heard the confessions of all present. After evening prayers, I started on my way back to Nepigon, as usual, at sunset. We journeyed all night, as the Indians do. I still had my two men. By turns we walked, or rather ran, and took to our sled. The next day, Tuesday of Holy Week, at seven o'clock in the morning, we were at the Fort, and, as it was time for Mass, I called together the few faithful that were about, and began the service. When I got to the gospel, I felt so ill that I deemed it prudent and even necessary to

leave the altar. I was more or less unwell the rest of the week. Holy Saturday was entirely taken up in hearing the confessions of the Christians of the Fort and of a small party from the neighborhood who had come to be present at the feast of Easter Sunday. On Easter morning, I was well enough to sing Mass. There was general communion —28 communicants. It was really edifying to see these poor children of the woods, in their best clothes, approach the Holy Table, with their pious Agent at their head, singing alleluia with all their might. Joy and happiness shone on every countenance. After the gospel, I spoke a few words to them suggested by the occasion. I congratulated them on their eagerness in coming to celebrate the feast of Easter, for some of them had come some fifteen or twenty miles, and I encouraged them to persevere in their good dispositions. In the evening, we sang vespers and, as usual, had prayers in common. The next day after Mass, those who lived at a distance came to shake hands with me, and all went home very happy. For myself, I stayed ten days longer at the Fort, devoting all the leisure I had to the teaching of Christian doctrine and to the study of the Indian language. On the 20th of April I bade adieu to Mr. de la Ronde and the Indians (and these adieus are always affecting), and promising to come back as soon as possible, I set out at sunset for the river called the Namewanimkanisibi, where I was to wait until the breaking up of the ice to go to Long Lake. We traveled all night, and the next morning at eight o'clock, we were at the river. I pitched my tent. During the day, some Christians, who were camping at a distance, moved their tents nearer mine. Among them were the two sick persons I had visited some days before. On the 23rd, the second Sunday after Easter, as there are no houses in these parts, I said Mass in my tent, which we had fitted up as well as we could. Every one was at Mass and received communion—in all seventeen. On the day following, all except one family, went away. On the 26th, a worthy young man of the party, a recent convert,

came back to be my second companion on the journey to Long Lake.

I had expected to stay a week, or at the most, ten days at Namewaninikaning. I spent three weeks there, and they seemed to be months: for I saw myself reduced to inaction, while I had so much to do elsewhere. But I had to resign myself to it, and if I could not do great work as regards the ministry, I had at least an excellent opportunity of practising patience. On the 5th, the ice left the river and on the 8th, we started up the river for Long Lake. The voyage lasted eight whole days in the midst of difficulties that one must go through, to understand and appreciate them. The portages are very numerous. To cross over them we had to walk through snow, stones, mud, and very often, through water up to our knees. Finally, on the 16th of May, we arrived at Long Lake. The Agent of the Fort of the Hudson Bay Company, Mr. Godchere, although a Protestant and never having seen me before, received me very kindly and gave me one of his houses to be used as church and residence at the same time. It was in conformity with the strictest poverty, as its entire furniture consisted of a table and a bedstead. An Indian had lived there previously. Moreover, when it rained, the water came in pretty copiously at all parts of the roof and put us to some trouble. Now, however, that I have made a Catholic of the Agent by God's grace, I hope he will put a more suitable place at our disposal until we shall have built our church. On my arrival at the Fort, I found but eight persons, and learned, not without pain, that since the last visit of the missionary, in May or June of last year, there had died no less than thirty-nine Indians, all Catholics except one, a Protestant, and that of these at least a half were adults. They had been taken off by the measles and some other disease. I was told that there were still some sick. In one family seven had died—the father, the mother, two children, a son with his wife and child. I stayed three weeks at Long Lake, from the 16th of May to the 5th of June. The Indians came only on the last four days, in two bands, La-

garde's and Morin's. The first band, in eight canoes, arrived at the Fort in the afternoon of June the 1st. Contrary to the usual custom of our Christians, they did not come to shake hands with me, but kept at some distance. Some of them went away after two days, doubtless to show how much they appreciated the presence of the missionary among them. The second band came on the 3rd. I went to meet them at the water's edge, an act of foresight I should have done for the other party also. These last were very fervent, and came of their own accord to prayers and to the holy tribunal of penance. Their fervor consoled me much for the negligence of the others.

I should have liked to spend another week with these worthy Christians, but my duties called me elsewhere; besides, the want of provisions for some days past and the impossibility of getting any, made it obligatory for me to go to some other place, if I wished to preserve my own and my companions' strength. One of my men had been sick for two or three days. I had intended to go back to Nepigon by the same route I had followed in coming; but, as I had received no news from Fr. Hébert, I determined to return by way of Pic and Red Rock, although this roundabout way would make my journey much longer. On Monday, the 5th of June, we set out early in the morning, and at sunrise, we had crossed the lake, which, indeed, is not wide, although very long. We went down the Pic River, and in three days arrived at Pic. We got there at noon. On seeing the canoe approach, some Christians had gathered about the bank. When they saw it head for the church, they no longer doubted that it was the missionary, and came to welcome me. It was my first visit to Pic; but I was not the less received with expressions of joy. I arrived just at the right time; for several of them were very sick and were expecting the priest with impatience. These were the first objects of my care, without, however, causing me to neglect the others who amounted to about forty. The bulk of the party, would not return from the inland country before the end of the month. I expected to meet Fr.

Hébert at Pic; but, as he was alone at Fort William, he could not think of leaving his post for a whole month. He sent me a letter, however, telling me to go to Michipicoten.

On the 13th, with my two men, I set out for that station, and got there in three days. Here, as at Pic, there were sick calls, administration of the sacraments, and blessing of graves.

The school, opened only last autumn, also took a share of my attention. Add to this the other duties of the holy ministry. I endeavored also to attract the Methodists; but, whether from indifference or from fear, they kept away. Some of them, however, came to Mass on Sunday, so I took advantage of it to sow the good seed. Will it bring forth the fruit of salvation? God only knows. Poor people, they are like sheep without a shepherd.

On the 26th of June, I had to leave my good Christians, who asked me earnestly to stay a few more days with them. I was pained at not being able to yield to their just and praiseworthy wishes, but I could not put off any longer my return to Pic. We left in the afternoon. As usual, every one, large and small, was on the bank, and I had to shake hands with them all and say a word or two to each as I passed along. They stayed there looking after me until they lost sight of the boat.

I arrived at Pic on the 1st of June, just as they were gathering in the church for evening prayers. I found several new faces among them, for a good number had already come back from the inland country. The others returned during the days that followed. It was only then that my work at Pic began, and it lasted until my departure for Red Rock. My days were so taken up that I could barely find a little time during the day to take my meals, and at night, the necessary rest. My health held out, but at the end I was somewhat thinner. I had made several endeavors to start for Red Rock, but the bad weather kept me back continually, except once when my occupations did not allow me to go. Finally, on the 21st of July, I received the following letter from Mr. H. de la Ronde:

Red Rock, L. S.,
14th July, 1882.

Rev. Father Specht, S. J.,

As Mr. Godchere is going your way, I take the liberty to drop you a line, telling you of the great mortality here (great, considering the smallness of the locality). The poor Indians are losing courage, seeing the minister going up every two weeks; and as to themselves, the path to the church is being covered over with willow grass. At Nepigon all folks were pretty well. At present, my uncle, Sir Charles (de la Ronde) is very low; he may be said dying, for I do not think he will ever recover. I do not think he will survive a week longer. I hope you will try to come as soon as possible. We all desire to see you soon.

Compliments from us all. Adieu.

I remain your ever sincere
H. de la Ronde.

The feelings that this letter caused in me may easily be imagined. However, I was by no means astonished at the news it contained; for, before leaving Red Rock in the spring, I had forewarned my Christians, that, after my departure, the wolf would come and try to injure my little flock—referring to the above-mentioned Anglican minister, —and I told them to be on their guard against him. I could not, therefore, put off any longer my departure for Red Rock, especially as I had not been there for over four months, and there had been no one to go in my absence. Before leaving Pic, however, I had the consolation of bringing back to the fold two sheep who had been very far from it. Their conversion brought joy to the hearts of all my Christians. The first of these converts is the sister of the Agent of the Hudson Bay Company at Pic. Although she was born of a Catholic mother and had been baptized by one of our Fathers, she had always followed the Anglican church. One day, when she came to see me on some business, I asked her to what religion she belonged. "By rights," she said, "I ought to be a Catholic." "Then," I

answered, "you ought to be one by all means." I succeeded in making her read Mr. de Ségur's "Plain Talk." This happened during my first stay at Pic. When I came back from Michipicoten, I saw her again and got her to consent to make her abjuration. On the 20th of July, I received her in our little church at Pic, in the presence of several Indians.

My second convert was the Agent of Long Lake, of whom I have already spoken, a man of about twenty-five or twenty-six years. We had prayed a long time for this conversion. He had been a Catholic at first until his twelfth year. At this period he was perverted by a false friend who made him a member of the English Church. Having occasion to speak to him at Long Lake, I made him promise to read "Plain Talk." "The only difference between Catholics and Protestants," said he, "is confession. And, if you can prove to me," he added, "that any man in the world has power to forgive sins, I will become a Catholic." I proved it to him there and then from his own Protestant Bible. He recognized the truth and promised to come back to his former religion. He kept his word. On the 21st of July, I received his public abjuration in the church of Pic, which was filled with Indians eager to witness this affecting ceremony, to which I gave all the solemnity possible. Three days later, I took passage on the steamer *Manitoba*, with Henry, and the next morning got off at Red Rock. I found that the Indians of Red Rock, those from the Flat country, and several families from Nepigon had gathered at the post of the Hudson Bay Company for their yearly settling of accounts. As I expected to see the Anglican minister arrive from Grand Bay (on Lake Nepigon), I determined to spend the day at the Fort among my Christians. A few hours after, I saw a canoe coming down the rapids and heading for the Fort. It was the minister and his schoolmaster. He came doubtless to preach, and did not count on finding me at my post. So he made haste to go back home on the same day, to the great amusement of my Christians. The paying of the accounts was all over on the afternoon of the 26th, and the Indians began to disperse. On the 27th, Sir

Charles F. de la Ronde, uncle of Mr. H. de la Ronde, died at Red Rock, aged eighty. He was, it appears, a descendant of the ancient nobility of France. He had acted as schoolmaster for the last two years of his life.

A most important, although almost the last act of my whole trip was the conversion of a Protestant Indian family of six souls,—a mother with her five children, three girls and two boys. The eldest is a young woman of seventeen; the smallest, a child of five. The father of these children, it appears, had been a Protestant and had opposed their conversion. He had died about six weeks previous. This conversion was more consoling as it was unexpected. I baptized them *sub conditione*, the children in the church at Red Rock, and the mother in her tent, where a pretty serious illness detained her. They promise to be among the most fervent neophytes of the Flat Country.

My work for the season was over. It was near the end of July, and I had to hasten on to Fort William for the yearly visitation. I left Red Rock on St. Ignatius' Day, and on the 4th of August at seven o'clock in the evening, I arrived at Fort William, delighted to see Ours again after such a long absence.

Thus ended my long trip of almost five months, during which I baptized three adults and fourteen children, some of whom were of Protestant parents, and received five abjurations. There was still much to do among these poor Indians, who had been so tried by sickness this year. However, I could only do what was absolutely necessary and leave the rest to Divine Providence. At present, I have only to thank the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, St. Joseph, my patron, St. Francis Xavier, the patron and model of missionaries, for all the protection they granted me and the favors they obtained for me, and to beg our Rev. Fathers and good brothers to continue to help me by their zealous prayers.

Ræ Væ infimus in Xto servus,

Jos. Specht, S. J.

MISSION OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

I.—The Blackfeet Indians. — Letter of Father P. Prando to Father J. Cataldo.

MISSION OF ST. PETER, July 28, 1881.

The time, so long expected, for the conversion of the Blackfeet, seems at length to be close at hand, and it appears that God is willing to pour down the streams of his mercy and grace upon the hearts of these savages. Last May, as your Reverence will call to mind, I visited several of their camps, baptized a number of their children, and promised to return in order to instruct and baptize the adults. Our Indians expected me with impatience, but as week after week went by, and I did not come, they began to suspect that I had changed my mind; and they said to one another: What has happened to the Black Robe, that he does not come?

I reached their principal camp in the early part of the present month, and without delay I got ready to call upon *White Calf*, the head chief of the Blackfeet. At the first news of my arrival, they all turned out to meet me with demonstrations of joy. An Indian, casting aside all preliminary remarks, began to address me: "Black Robe, after your departure, the children fell sick, and in the other camps more than a hundred of them have died: but here we have not lost even one, because they were baptized by you." I expressed my delight that their camp had been spared in so remarkable a manner; but at the same time, I told them that we should not grieve too much over the little ones who had died after baptism, for they were already in the enjoyment of heavenly happiness. I am fully persuaded that the preservation of all these children in the camp of the head chief is due to a special Providence: for if they had died, superstition might have influenced him to attribute it to the Sacrament, and as a consequence, he would have become angry with the missionary and expelled him from the tribe.

There were several who came with their infants in their arms, to remind me of the promise I had made at the time they were baptized, of giving them a medal. I asked them the baby's name, and then I consulted my register, and told them the name of the father and mother, inquiring at the same time if I was right. My savages then began to laugh heartily, and could not understand how I was able after a glance at my note-book, to tell the parents' names. After satisfying their pious desires and their curiosity, I took my way to the cabin of the great chief. I learned there that he had gone to a dance at a neighboring camp, and I went in search of him. I found all the Indians seated on the grass, forming an immense circle, but divided up into groups: there were the children, the women, the men, and finally the chiefs in the place of honor. There were a dozen young men dancing in the centre; and four others on one side were beating their drums. My arrival put a stop to the merriment. The great chief came forward to salute me; then, looking up to the sky, and remarking on the splendid weather, he said: "I am glad that you have come on such a fine day." He added that the dance would soon be ended, and that immediately after it, he should cross the river with his men, and that all should come to talk with me at my camp. I requested him to let the amusements go on, as I would willingly be a spectator of them. This announcement excited unspeakable joy through the whole assembly; the drummers instantly recommenced their deafening noise, and the dancers began their exercise anew. Their clothing was primitive—exceedingly so; it consisted merely of coats of paint of different colors laid on to the naked skin. Each one danced by himself, at a fixed distance from his neighbor, but without change of place, and their movements were like those of marionnettes. At the end of five minutes, they all stopped, and the leader of the dance, who had learnt it among the Crow Indians, was presented to me. The dance lasted two hours. When all was over, the head chief, accompanied by all the men invested with any authority, betook himself to my camp to have a talk with the missionary.

We opened the meeting: I began, and declared briefly the object of my coming: I had promised on a former occasion to repeat my visit, in order to instruct the adults of their tribe, that is to say, all who wished to save their souls, and I stood prepared now to fulfil my promise. The great chief, White Calf, answered me in a long discourse, of which the following is a summary: 'Down to the present time, said he, the Blackfeet had led a wandering life, without any fixed habitation, but now they were placed upon a Reserve, surrounded by soldiers, hemmed in like the waters of a stream which it is feared will overflow; abandoned and left to themselves in this contracted territory, from which they could not stir. They wished to settle down here. As for himself, the head chief, he had already a little camp there, and this little camp was stationary. And then he added: As for you, Black Robe, you must always remain with us, and never go away from us. You must build a house and church here, and we shall come to be instructed by you. The first time that you came, I did not know what to say, because I did not see things clearly; it seemed as if there was a bag before my eyes: to-day, I see clearly, and the bag is removed. I see that you love us; and, therefore, we shall always take care of you, if you make your home here in the midst of us.' The expression, *we shall take care of you*, was repeated to me several times. "Well!" said I, "you will take care of me, and I of you: if you obey the law of the Great Spirit, we shall get along well together; if not, then nothing will go right." White Calf replied to this: "You will instruct us, and when you have told us anything new, we shall examine it, and if we find that it is good, we will say so." "The doctrine which I preach is not mine, but that of the Great Spirit; it is not to be judged, but to be listened to and obeyed."

Thereupon, I produced my writings in the Indian language, and let them see that I had already thought about them. I had the catechism, and I read a few lines of it; on hearing me read it correctly, my auditors looked at one another, and seemed to be quite pleased. Mutual saluta-

tions followed, and the meeting was brought to a close. White Calf asked if he should send the new-born babies to me for baptism: I deferred the ceremony until the next day, when I intended to visit the camp in person. On the following day, the head chief went to the Agency, and, according to an appointment he had made, was unable to return until the evening.

Affairs were now brought to such a pass that I made the following reflections. If I should remain there for several months, the winter would be about to begin, and neither house nor church would yet be built; on the other hand, unless the Indians should quickly see something durable attempted, they would lose all interest and become disgusted. Then I thought of returning to the Mission, to find what could be done in order to second the good dispositions of our poor savages.

The Blackfeet are sunk in want and misery, and, in my opinion, they will have trouble in getting through this winter without dying of hunger. Furthermore, I am persuaded, that the mission among them will not succeed, if we confine ourselves solely to spiritual ministrations. These poor people need beyond all to be trained and encouraged to agricultural labors: they themselves now admit the necessity of this, and are anxious to receive instruction. If this method has been pursued in several other missions, and with good results, why not employ it here also, and expect from it a similar success?

I beg your Reverence to examine the whole question in our Lord, and to come to some prompt and efficacious conclusion.

P. PRANDO, S. J.

II.—Father Prando to Father Cataldo.

The following letter was written several months later than the preceding.

Rev'd Father,

P. C.

You will certainly be glad to hear from me upon a subject which is interesting to us both: I mean the conversion of the Blackfeet and the establishment of a mission among those poor Indians. Mere occasional visits of the missionary, as long experience proves, cannot produce any solid and lasting effects. I have already been three times among the Blackfeet, and on my last trip I spent two months with them.

During this time, I baptized three hundred and seventeen in all, children and adults, and blessed eleven marriages. For the greater portion of the time, my day was divided between four camps, and in each of them I gave instructions upon the principal truths of religion. White Calf was present one day whilst I was teaching catechism: the subject was the creation of the world, and after he had listened attentively for some time, he arose and came to shake hands with me in sign of approval of all that he had heard. Then he began to declare how well he knew that God had created all things, and how, in consequence of that, He loved them all. In order to instruct him and to impress the truth more deeply on his memory, I proposed a difficulty to him which had been made by an Indian some time before. "You say that all the things created by God are good. Very well. But why did God create bears, snakes, and so many other ferocious beasts which are hurtful to man?" White Calf saw the force of the objection, and set himself to reflect and find out a solution. His people, puzzled as much as he, kept watching our friend, and waited for his answer, smiling, but also with some signs of disquietude. He got out of the difficulty in this way: "God created the bears, because God sees all things; and when God sees a bear going to attack men, he says—'See! my children are going to fight against the bears!'" The reason assigned was not the most convincing, as I made the chief see, and I promised to give him the true explanation on another day, when I should speak of the fall of the first man, his rebellion against God, and the consequent uprising of the brute creation against him.

Whilst I was thus occupied, a young girl happened to die in the camp. The parents were greatly afflicted, and to show their grief, they slashed their cheeks with many knife-cuts; the wounds were not very deep, but the blood flowed in abundance. Eight days after this, whilst I was going to another camp, I heard sobs and lamentable cries proceeding from a cabin. I asked the cause, and was told that a young girl had died the night before. It was heartrending to hear those poor people calling the dead child by her name followed by three prolonged groans: *Nitorkuinniman! hou! . . . . hou! . . . . hou! . . . .* The father sent for two horses to slaughter them, but a half-breed succeeded in dissuading him from making such a sacrifice. The girl had been baptized; I recited the prayers prescribed for the burial of children; then there was profound silence; then I recommended these poor people not to mangle their limbs. When the pall bearers entered, the lamentations began again. They placed in the grave all the objects which had belonged to the girl, her bedclothes, the dishes which she had used, and the saddle on which she had begun to take her first riding lessons. Early next morning, I went to see whether they had followed my advice, and renounced the dreadful custom of tearing their flesh as a sign of mourning; my poor savages, on this occasion, had been content with mutilating one finger of the left hand. This is a pretty frequent custom among the Indians, and many are found who have inflicted such a mutilation upon themselves under similar circumstances.

In the midst of the instructions, my flock set out from Birch Creek, and went to join the other Indians encamped at Bagger Creek, for what they call the *Medicine Tent.* It is one of their principal festivals, and is accompanied with prayers. The ceremonies and amusements last for several weeks. I had only lately come among them, and there had not yet been time enough to instruct them sufficiently; and as besides, they thought that they were rendering solemn honor to the Great Spirit, prudence counseled me not to oppose their action.

Two hundred cabins or tents had been erected about a mile from the Agency, in a retired valley of great extent. An unfortunate accident happened at the very beginning, which marred the solemnities, and cast a gloom over the joys of the festival. Some Indian children had gone to play upon a pile of hay belonging to the Agency. One of the white servants, to frighten off the children, fired a gun in the direction of the hay pile, but the ball went a great distance beyond, and struck an Indian who was quietly sleeping in his hut. Thereupon, all the Indians rushed with their guns to the Agency. The soldiers from Birch Creek interfered, and after long explanations, it was concluded that the shooting was accidental. But the Indians were not entirely satisfied. The head chief remarked with good sense: "I believe that it was really an accident, but to scare children, he should have used a whip and not a gun."

I went to see the wounded man, whose life was believed to be in great danger, and not being able to find out whether he had received baptism or not, I administered it conditionally. He was then on a fair way to recovery, but they had been unable to extract the ball.

After having bestowed my attentions upon the wounded man, I returned to the camp. The tents were arranged in a great circle, in the centre of which was a large space reserved for the Medicine Tent. Profound silence reigned around, either on account of the late accident, or because they were making preparations for the prayers. I went around among the savages and baptized several infants.

The Medicine Tent is formed of posts eight or ten feet high, planted in a circle around a centre-post which is much higher, from the top of which other beams extend equal in number to the upright posts, upon which they rest, so that the whole wood-work is like the frame of an umbrella. Green branches are strewn round about, partly for ornament, and partly to mark off the structure and constitute it into a sort of temple. There is but one opening which serves as a door. At the top of the centre-post, branches are interlaced in such a way that they can receive and hold

all the offerings which the Indians make to the Great Spirit. Among these offerings are shirts and other articles of wearing apparel, dishes, tin pans, rags, and—what is never omitted — a buffalo's tail. The honor of erecting the tent or temple to the Great Spirit is not granted to all indiscriminately, but to the woman of the camp whose reputation stands highest, and who is called *Mikaki-aki*, or "the virtuous woman," that is, she who has always been faithful to her husband, and has not permitted any liberties from others. Consequently, those ladies—and their number is great —whose nose has been cut off by their husbands through jealousy or well-grounded suspicions, are forever precluded from the hope of being chosen to this post of honor. The *Mikaki-aki*, before putting her hand to the work, is obliged to abstain from all meat and drink for three entire days, to shun the sight of every man, and to remain seated on the ground, veiled and wrapped up completely in a covering.

The tent posts are bound together with strips of buffalo hide. The privilege of cutting these strips is reserved to some warrior who has killed an enemy with a knife. The *medicine pipe* is also an object of devotion, confided to the guardianship of several Indians. It must not be adorned with any metal, because this pipe is smoked in time of prayer and peace; and metallic ornaments are forbidden, because they recall warfare, combats and massacres. Would you wish to have an idea of the esteem in which this pipe is held? Listen then. The first time that I celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass in an Indian camp, I explained the nature of the Mass before beginning. The Indians assisted with great calmness, modesty and respect, and at the end as I turned around for the *Dominus Vobiscum*, I saw all the chiefs who were highest in rank, seated at the end of the cabin which served as a church, smoking their calumet in all seriousness and puffing up to the sky clouds of smoke. At this sight, I said to myself: what little progress we have made: plenty of work remains to be done, before these poor people understand the first rudiments of religion. On

the other side, I was encouraged by the thought that persevering efforts would rescue these benighted souls from darkness and ignorance.

I come back to my narrative. When the grand day of the prayer had arrived, they carried ten or twelve buffalo tongues into the temple; and some women chosen for the purpose went in to offer prayer in the name of the whole assembly. Their prayer consists in taking one of the tongues in their hand and swearing upon it that they have always been faithful to their husbands, and will continue so for the time to come. And if ever any Indian has made improper proposals to them, they declare his name in the presence of God, the sun, and the whole assembly. On the other hand, if the conduct of her who prays has not been what it should, she is publicly reproached with her fault. So the number of those who are eligible to this office is cut down to an insignificant figure.

Then the prayer of the men follows. After having addressed the Great Spirit, they face the assembly, and begin to rehearse their own praises; as for example, how they have slain a multitude of enemies, how they have stolen many horses without receiving a scratch, etc., etc. And they wind up this so-called prayer, by giving some proof of their generosity, making a present of a horse to one, of a gun to another, and so on.

Many other ceremonies, and then dances take place during the following days, in honor of the sun. Whilst these solemn festivities were at their height, another unfortunate accident happened. A white man, who was employed at the Agency, and who was unacquainted with the nature and object of these Indian ceremonies, came over to take a share in the sport. He carried fire arms, as is the universal custom here, but as ill-luck would have it, his weapon went off, and the ball passed clear through an Indian. The festival, as may be imagined, was quickly changed into a scene of woe; and as this was the second time that such a thing had happened in this same place, the Indians were boiling over with indignation, and wished to shoot the unfortunate white

man on the spot. He sought for protection near the head chief, who, aided by several others, succeeded finally in rescuing him from the hands of the aggressors.

On the next day, I visited the man who had been wounded, and I found him surrounded by *medicine men.* At my arrival, they interrupted all their ceremonies, and permitted me to instruct and baptize the man, who shortly afterwards entered upon his agony. The medicine men, thereupon, began to make a fearful noise with their drums, and kneeling before the dying man, they began to chant one of their songs: "ah ah! . . . . ah ah! . . . . ah ah! . . . ." The women took up the same melody in full chorus. I remarked to one of the assistants, that such *medicine* as this was calculated to kill, rather than to cure their patient. If they had some medicinal herb to apply to the wound it would be worth more than all their singing. My advice was acknowledged to be reasonable. But the medicine men continued obstinately at their senseless task. The poor man died after three days.

The Indians were far from being satisfied with their *Medicine House;* and I should have found this an excellent occasion to accomplish more for them, if I had been able to prolong my stay among the tribe. But I had received an order to betake myself to the village of Sun River and to Fort Shaw. After visiting those places, I might have found the time to return to the camp of my Indians; but, at present, I am completely snowbound. P. Prando, S. J.

III.—Extract from a Letter of Father J. Caruana to Father J. Cataldo.

Colville, W. T., Jan. 21, 1882.

* * * * There has been great excitement and division of sentiment here, on account of two homicides committed by a couple of Indians, a white man and an Indian being the victims. Serious trouble was apprehended, because the relations of the murdered Indian were threatening vengeance, and the whites insisted that the Indian who had

killed the white man should go the gallows; and a general outbreak of Indian hostilities was feared, if the Indian should be hanged.

Affairs were in this state of tension, and the 15th of November, on which day Andrew was to undergo his sentence, was drawing nigh, when one of the Fathers was inspired to make a last attempt in favor of public tranquillity. The condemned man was already well disposed and resigned to his fate, and the Father resolved to try and induce him to propose as his last request, that all parties should lay aside their animosities, and accepting his death as sufficient expiation, should bury every sentiment of vengeance in his grave. This plan succeeded beyond all expectation.

Some time before the eventful day general orders were issued from the mission, that all the chiefs and sub-chiefs should use every effort to stop public games and indulgence in liquor: this order was faithfully executed, and the public feeling became somewhat more tranquil. Meantime, the Fathers made frequent visits to the prisoner, and busied themselves in calming the white population, who feared that there would be a massacre in the town by the Indians, either the night before or on the morning of the execution. And this dread prompted them to make repeated demands upon the civil authorities, that a Father should accompany the condemned man to the gallows, which was promised and fulfilled. Eight influential men from amongst the nearest relations of Andrew were called together to deliberate. After much discussion, the conclusion was finally reached, that according to the law Andrew should die, since he had pleaded guilty in open court, but they begged to have his remains brought here. It was pledged to them that a Father should claim and obtain the body, and having provided for its transportation hither, it should be buried in our cemetery, if they, on their part, should bind themselves not to be present at the execution; an exception was made in favor of Casimir's wife, the aunt of Andrew, who had reared him as her own child, and whose presence was desired by the Fathers as a proof and effect of the efforts made in the

interests of peace. They unanimously pledged their words, and faithfully kept the promise.

The day of the execution arrived, the coldest day that we have had this winter: the Father went in the cart of Abarco, uncle of the condemned, and Mr. Jones was driver. They arrived in the town at 10 A. M.; the snow was pretty deep; not a living soul was visible, and every door was closed, both of the houses and the shops. The Father sought for and found the sheriff, who left him in the jail to prepare poor Andrew for the last moment. He thanked the Fathers a thousand times for all that they had done for him, and appeared to be much touched and filled with gratitude at the promise made to him, that after his death a Father should accompany his body to his home, and that the burial should take place in our graveyard. The Father then asked a favor of him, that as his dying wish, he should recommend to all his relations and friends, that, after he was gone, they should forget the past, both in regard to his own death and that of his brother, Louis. "I shall willingly do so," Andrew replied, "and you must be the interpreter of my wishes to my parents and friends." The priest replied: "Your aunt is here; I shall have her to come in, and she shall be your interpreter along with me." When she had been admitted, Andrew spoke very earnestly, as follows: "To-day, by the time the sun has reached the meridian, I shall no longer be among the living: in a short time I shall die: and I shall die content, in satisfaction for my sins, and in the hope that God will have mercy on my soul: this the Father here has told me, and this I firmly hope for. Before dying, I should have liked to see myself surrounded by my uncle, Joseph Cotolegu and all my relations and friends, from whom, as a last favor, I wish you to ask, that they will forget the past entirely, and that with my body they shall bury all revenge, hatred, and other sentiments unworthy of a Christian. Here, I cordially embrace Alexis, and in the hand of the Father, I take the hand of all (and he suited the action to the word), and I declare that I shall die with kindly feelings towards all, both whites and Indians; and I

desire that these may be the sentiments of Cotolegu, and of each one of my kinsmen and friends, who must dismiss all revengeful thoughts when my body is buried, and let all pray for my poor soul. This is my last request, which you, Black Robe, here present, and you, my aunt and foster-mother, will communicate to all on this very day after my death." At this, the aunt departed by his request, and I remained alone with him to comfort and strengthen him for the last act of his life, and I was not a little consoled by his complete resignation.

About 1 P. M. the sheriff requested me to warn Andrew that his hour had come, and in a few minutes I came forth from the cell to inform him that the prisoner was ready and resigned, and even cheerful. I pass over the description of poor Andrew's death, which was truly edifying, and which affected me deeply, as it was the first execution that I was ever present at, and I sincerely hope that it may be the last in my life. When I had pronounced the prayers over the corpse, it was delivered up to me by an official in the name of the government, and in his presence, the rope having been removed from the neck, I closed the coffin and started for the Mission. It was quite dark when I reached home; and having handed over the remains to his relatives, they thanked me with all their hearts for all that I had done, promised to comply strictly with the last wishes of Andrew, and to observe whatsoever else the Fathers should prescribe.

After the burial, a great meeting was held, when the Father made known the words and the wishes of Andrew. All said that they were already acquainted with them, and that they intended faithfully to act in accordance with them, and then and there, in presence of the whole assembly, Joseph Cotolegu first of all, and after him the others, laid aside their enmities, waived all claims, and announced that their feelings towards all their neighbors were friendly and fraternal. Thereupon, every apprehension of danger was banished, and even the talk of the whites ceased.

In the meantime, as we saw that we did not possess the confidence of all the factions, it was sought to bring them

together and place them again under the weakened authority of the chiefs. Inquiries were made among the young men, the warriors, and those who were possessed of any influence, and it became clear that the chiefs had fallen forever, and all seemed to be well inclined, and even desirous, to unite under Cotolegu as head chief and the only man who had the ability to re-establish order. The Fathers asked that he should be clothed with sole authority, and that this should be recognized and respected by all, because by this means order would be restored and good morals promoted.

In a subsequent meeting, the resignation of the old head chief, Chincanegue, was accepted, on account of his declining years, and Joseph Cotolegu was by common consent selected as head chief. Then the two rivals, uncles respectively of the slain man and his slayer, arose, came forward, and met in the middle of the assembly, and to the joy of all cordially clasped hands, and in this impressive attitude Joseph made one of those speeches, which he knows so well to do when he wishes, and with this an end was put to all ill feeling and animosity.

Already we begin to see the fruits of the new chief's energy, and much is hoped from him in the future: we shall see better next spring and summer, the seasons for gambling and drinking. The Fathers had already, with the divine assistance, succeeded in checking these evils; but to put down concubinage, the strong hand of a chief, whose authority will be obeyed, is needed. The choice of the present head chief seems to have been determined by Providence, for he has already broken up illicit connections among the Indians.

I was much edified by the fervor of these Indians during the last Christmas holidays, which they anticipated by two or three weeks, and then having been requested not to go away before the Epiphany, almost all of them remained, and the few who were obliged by necessity to absent themselves, did not wish to depart without the express permission of the Father and the chief. On Christmas Day, their

fervor had reached its height; there were many conversions, and confessions of two, three and five years, and some even of ten or twelve years. As the festival of the Nativity brought its consolation, so also, and perhaps in a more marked degree, did the festivals of the Circumcision and Epiphany, in which the few who had not been gained over at Christmas, made their peace with God. I believe that all the Indians of Colville, with one exception, all the Sudichisti, and with the exception of three or four, all the Utemchi, or Indians of the Columbia, approached the Sacraments, either at Christmas, or at one of the other festivals, and some did so twice, and some on each occasion: Father Canestrelli helped me in the confessional at Christmas, for I would not have been able to hear all by myself alone; in fact, when he had gone after Christmas to visit the Okinakein, I could not finish all the confessions at New Year's, notwithstanding that I was in the box all the day before, and again on the morning of the feast to so late an hour that Mass did not begin until 11.30 o'clock. Hence it happened that confessions more or less were heard daily until the Epiphany; there were, confessions, 1250; communions, 1100; about 35 hard cases converted; several illicit connections dissolved, and some marriages rectified. The fervor was not merely for the moment, but it has produced lasting effects. Your Reverence should have seen them coming to church during the past winter, some every Sunday, others every second Sunday, from long distances, and on foot, with the snow two or three feet deep, and in excessively cold weather, not only strong men, but also their wives and children. It was truly a most consoling sight.

In contrast with the religious fervor of the Indians is the indifference of the white and half-breed Catholic population. You can scarcely get them to church at Christmas and Easter, and they are foremost in speaking ill of priests and religion. It is a wonder that they have not rooted out the faith from the hearts of these savages: but this is so firmly planted, that the bad example of their white neighbors has not even weakened it. *Deo Gratias!*

By the way, Father Tornielli was occupied at Christmas in hearing the confessions of the whites and half-breeds. Father Canestrelli has not yet returned from the Okinakein —a sign that he finds plenty to do among them. The good Father is strong and zealous. This winter—and the cold weather this year set in by October 11th—he had a great many sick-calls, over deep snows, and when it was very cold, to places which were from two to fifteen miles distant. I always escaped them on the grounds that I did not know the localities, and so poor Father Canestrelli had to go in the twofold character of missionary and doctor.

Here I end this interminable letter. All are well with us, and all are working as hard as they can.

Kindest regards from all; I remain, as ever,

Your most dutiful servant in the Sacred Heart,

GIUSEPPE M. CARUANA, S. J.

IV.—Letter of Father Caruana to Father Cataldo.

COLVILLE, W. T., April 17, 1882.

REV. DEAR FATHER SUPERIOR,

P. C.

Before beginning my Retreat, I think it my duty to write you a few lines which may take the place of my quarterly report. This time I shall be brief, as I find nothing of interest to mention, except the observances of Holy Week and Easter. These were celebrated with great solemnity; and the devotion of the people highly edified me. The services were divided amongst the Fathers, but the largest share and the most fatiguing fell upon Father Canestrelli, who performed miracles of zeal, especially on Good Friday. On that sacred day, there were four different functions in the church: that of the morning, according to the Rubrics; two others in the afternoon, conducted by Father Canestrelli, that is, the Way of the Cross and the Three hours of Agony, to which was added the Deposition from the Cross. The Three Hours of Agony succeeded wonderfully, and its effect was plainly visible upon the four hundred Indians

who were present. Everything was adapted to the occasion in the ornamentation of the new and spacious church, the windows being festooned with dark red hangings, skilfully arranged by Brother D'Agostino. But the Procession of the Passion surpassed everything else. It began about 7.30 o'clock, just as night was coming on, and was preceded by hymns adapted to the occasion, and by the beautiful canticle of the Passion: *Kackschinim Jesus Kacilimigum.* The procession filed out of the church in the following order. An aged woman carrying a large cross was followed by the band of Magdalens, as they are called, walking two by two; then came a young man with the banner of Our Lady of Sorrows at the head of the girls, also walking two by two, with the Sisters and their scholars in front, and then a long file of two hundred women and girls; next in order were half a dozen men bearing lanterns on poles, followed by the great standard of the Passion, borne by one of the chiefs dressed as a Brother, and flanked by two other chiefs carrying torches and followed by the chanters; then came a youth bearing aloft the instruments of the passion, followed by the boys, our scholars and teachers holding the front ranks, and one hundred and fifty men bringing up this division, all marching two by two. Last of all came the clergy, preceded by the cross borne by an altar boy in surplice and red soutane with torch-bearers similarly dressed on either side, and followed by twenty-four Sodalists all carrying torches and acting as a guard of honor around the dead Christ with Father Tornielli in surplice and black stole, followed by the crowd in pairs. A long procession! composed of at least five hundred Indians. Along the route of the procession, which marched down the hill and turning about came back and re-entered the church, there were disposed at short intervals fires of brushwood, and some men at fixed distances followed the line of march with Indian candles, or long pine splinters in their hands, to illuminate the way. All the divisions recited prayers and sang hymns: a Father acted as marshal. Picket Edward was the life of the procession, attending to the fires, and directing those who had

to keep them going. The whole affair went off splendidly: it was a wonderful success, especially the fervent addresses which Father Canestrelli made two or three times from the top of the hill. This evening he surpassed himself, and at the last discourse inside the church, he brought tears from the eyes of many, and several were gained to God in consequence of it. The Sacraments administered from Palm Sunday until Easter were: Confessions, 1200; communions, 980. P. Canestrelli assures me that he never saw so many people here before at Easter: they will be more numerous, I hope, at Corpus Christi.

All send their regards to your Reverence, and I remain, in SS. CC., your most affectionate servant,

GIUSEPPE M. CARUANA, S. J.

V.—Letter of Father J. Guidi to Father J. Cataldo.

POND' OREILLES, ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION,
Dec. 27, 1881.

REV'D FATHER SUPERIOR,

P. C.

In compliance with your request, I shall mention some occurrences of the last three months, that may perhaps be of interest and edification. In the first place the pious sentiments of a dying Indian woman are worthy of being recorded. She had been for a long time confined to a bed of suffering, afflicted with a most painful malady, which she endured with Christian resignation. On one of my visits she expressed herself as follows: "Black Robe, I suffer a great deal, but I would be willing to suffer still more, in order to satisfy God for my many sins." Having received all the consolations of religion with the greatest piety, she slept in the peace of the Lord.

Here is a specimen of our many sick-calls to a noteworthy distance. One evening last month, at half past five, a young half-breed came to me and said: "Black Robe, come! there is a man in danger of death near my house." "How can I go just now?" said I; "my horse is off at pasture." "Take my horse then, and I shall return on foot: the

sick man wants you to go without delay." The place was at a distance of eleven miles from the Mission; in a few minutes I was ready, and once in the saddle went forward as fast as possible. Within two hours I had reached the sick man's cabin, and as soon as he had cast his eyes upon me, he expressed his joy and gratitude in the loudest terms; —"Thanks, thanks, Black Robe! my father! my friend! thanks, that you have had compassion upon me; thanks, because you have come without delay to console me. I may die this very night, and I rejoice that you have come, because I wish to make my confession and to receive the Last Sacraments." I performed everything that the circumstances demanded, and he manifested great faith and devotion. On leaving him, I was called to a neighboring tent, where I found a Nez Percé family not yet Christians, but they requested me to baptize a child that was dangerously ill. I returned home the same night, passing through a mountain gorge that is frequently infested with bears. I placed my life in the hands of Providence, and commended myself to the guardian care of my good angel, and so I reached the Mission safe and sound. Other sick-calls of the same nature are too frequent to be described in detail, as it has often happened for us to be called to a distance of twelve or twenty miles. What is most trying to the patience of the missionary is that the greater number of these calls are without any real need, and in cases of trifling sickness. The Father who is my companion had to travel thirty-five miles at the beginning of this month, to see an old woman, and whilst returning he had to suffer very much from the cold. He has often had to go twenty miles on similar errands.

The celebration of Christmas this year was marked with devotion. At the midnight Mass, there were about four hundred and fifty communions, and the church was filled to its utmost capacity. Besides our own Indians, almost all the half-breeds were present with their families. The pupils of the Sisters sang with such devotion, and so well, that they called to mind the angel choirs who chanted *Gloria in Excelsis*, at Bethlehem. And it may not be out of place

here, to say a word concerning the Sisters' school. It is in a pretty flourishing state, and has thirty-four young girls, partly pure Indians, and partly half-breeds. In general, so far as discipline and good conduct are concerned, better could not be desired. They are respectful enough, and devout to a remarkable degree. I gave them a triduum of spiritual exercises, and was edified and moved by their rare piety. They study well, and are also making progress in practical works of industry, which are proper to their condition. All who visit the school, and among these are many non Catholics, speak of it in the highest terms. No more at present. I recommend myself to SS. SS. of your Reverence, and remain, in the Heart of Jesus your most humble servant, GIUSEPPE GUIDI, S. J.

VI.—Letter of Father L. Parodi to Father J. Cataldo.

YAKIMA, ELLENSBURGH, June 11, 1882.

REV'D FATHER SUPERIOR,

P. C.

I have been too busy to write, but I must now steal a little time from my other occupations, in order to comply with my duty in this respect. I have not much to say concerning the Indians, but I shall mention such incidents as come to my recollection.

In my last letter, I spoke to you of an Indian woman at the point of death, who had been suddenly restored to health after receiving Extreme Unction. She again fell sick, and after three months of suffering, she died the death of the just. I was called almost every week to hear her confession and to give her Holy Communion. It is not easy to repeat her expressions while she was in her last agony. I was moved to tears. She said that she would rather die than live, because that being now assisted by the missionary, she was sure of a happy death; whereas, if her life were prolonged, she would be in danger of offending God, and then, deprived of the priest's assistance, she might meet an evil end. "If I die now," said she, "I shall be saved through the holy Sacraments that I receive often, and shall

be helped by the prayers of God's minister. I have no affection for anything of this world, nor am I attached to life. Therefore, I wish to die, and go to God."

Some medicine men suggested to her husband that their superstitious jugglery could effect a cure; when she heard of this, she reproached him for his credulity, saying that their superstitious practices are utterly useless, that they have no power since they come from the devil. I might also add that for three months she suffered the most acute pains without complaining: the only alleviation of her sufferings that she received consisted in speaking to me about them. Many Indians, and among them several pagans were present at her funeral, and they were filled with admiration of the ceremonies, which I conducted with all the display that the circumstances permitted.

Another incident regards a new convert. He had been baptized many years ago; he had learned all the prayers and the catechism, and Father Sant'Onge, who was very much attached to him, used to take him as a companion on all his journeys. One day Father Sant'Onge was giving a discourse upon hell, and said that every filthy animal was found there, and amongst others, frogs. Now, it happened some time after this that the Father was on a journey, and seeing a number of frogs, he told the Indian to catch them, as they were good to eat. "How?" said the Indian, "do you want to eat things that have the devil in them?" This was enough to cause his apostacy, and ever since then, a period of fifteen years, he has been a most determined opponent of the missionaries.

Whenever we went to the camp, all the people, not excepting even the pagans, used to come out to salute us and to offer their hands in token of friendship; he was the only one who manifested any dislike, refusing to shake hands, and speaking against us. This year the Lord sent him a severe sickness, and this brought about his repentance. I was called to visit him, and he gave me a gracious reception. For the first time he took me by the hand, and then I had to listen for an hour to his discourse, in which he

went over the story of his life, and dwelt especially upon his hatred of the missionaries. He told me that he had done much that was wrong, particularly in his conduct towards the missionaries, who are the messengers of God to point out to men the path of salvation: finally, he made a general confession, and to-day he is the most fervent Indian that we have. He comes every Sunday to church and receives the Sacraments, he is the leader of the choir and prayers in common, and he is the best instructed in the questions of the catechism.

I shall add to this an account of the conversion of a pagan, who asked for baptism when he was about to die. I had been at his house the year before to see if he would allow me to baptize his children, and I failed to get the permission. This year some Indians told me that perhaps he might ask for baptism. One Sunday an Indian woman came here in great haste to inform me that this man was dying, and that I should go quickly and baptize him. I did not feel well; and besides, it was already late, I had no horse, and I could not go on foot, as the distance was ten miles. Nevertheless, I succeeded in procuring a horse, and set out. The Indian went ahead to point out the road, and guide me to the sick man's lodge as I did not know where it was pitched. I had to gallop almost all the time to keep up with my guide: we made the ten miles in an hour, but I paid for it by a week of fever. On our arrival, the man's wife offered opposition to my entrance, saying hard things of priests in general, and calling me an imposter. Some young men who were present, told me not to mind her, as she was crazy. The sick man was out of his senses; but as the Indians assured me that he had asked for baptism a short time before, I baptized him, and in three days he died. I have not been able to baptize the children, because their mother, although a Christian, will not listen to it.

The Indians lately gave me information of a woman grievously sick: but they told me she refused to make her confession just then, because she wished to try the superstitious jugglery of the medicine-men. She was willing to make

her confession afterwards, because she knew that if she did so before, I would prohibit her from calling in these charlatans. Their performances brought no relief: on the contrary, they only aggravated the disease, and made her so furious that she appeared as if possessed. I was called in, and seeing her in this condition, I seized upon the occasion to speak at length upon superstitious practices, and said that they were the works of the devil, etc. They all promised me that they would never again have recourse to such sorceries. The woman died in delirium a few days after that. Whilst I was delivering my discourse, the most famous of the medicine-men was present, and since then he has lost all credit, and everytime we meet he looks at me with indignation, and if he can harm me, he will certainly do so.

I recommend myself to your SS. SS.,

Væ Ræ infimus in Xto,

L. Parodi, S. J.

VII.—Nez Percé Mission—Extract from a Letter to Father Cataldo.

You are entitled to this consoling account of the state of our mission here, where for so many years your Reverence worked so zealously. The sad trials to which these poor Indians, more than any others have been subjected, still continue to draw many souls from God. In general, it may be said, that one portion of these Indians are Protestants; though not from choice, but necessity, since no other form of worship is allowed them, and this in spite of every law of the U. S. Government, which fosters and protects all denominations from the Capital to the meanest village of the land. Another part call themselves Protestants, though evidently from interest or fear, and the greater this fear and interest, the more devoted Protestants they appear.

The truth is, neither of these two classes have any religion whatever, and it may justly be said that they have relapsed into their primitive infidelity; for remembering how much blood, together with their liberty, Protestantism has

cost them, they look upon it not so much as the religion of a Creator, as that of a destroyer. A third part of these savages, whom a special Providence has preserved from these calamities, remain fervent Catholics, practising their religion in spite of every danger and temptation that surrounds them. For the first class, your Reverence knows well, nothing can avail but prayer, whereby heaven may be moved to pity their miserable lot. Respecting the second class, patience is our only hope; still we do our best, meanwhile, to turn to profit every occasion that offers itself, and God, ever faithful to His promises, fails not to reward our labors with conversions from time to time to our holy religion. These converts are usually the very best Catholics, because they are Catholics from conviction. The Catholics who gathered round the mission for the celebration of the late festivities, attracted a good number of lost sheep, who, to the joy of all, were brought into the fold. Thus by force of patience, we hope in time to gain over the greater part to our religion, and though heaven design for us but the toilsome labor and martyrdom of waiting with patience, leaving to others the consolation of gathering the fruit, we submit willingly to the divine decree, and will continue to cultivate this field with all diligence.

The following incident is a proof that our efforts are not barren. Not long ago an individual named Yatonatomischat, known to you no doubt, seeing himself fast sinking under an ever growing disease, asked and obtained Baptism from Latakol. Firm in his new faith, and conscious that his end was fast approaching, he called on me to instruct him, which I had the consolation of doing, and of shortly afterwards giving him the Sacraments. To effect this, many obstacles had to be overcome that were thrown in his way during the last epidemic. But our Lord, who wished to grant him this consolation, brought everything about in his favor; for, notwithstanding the difficulties made by those on guard to prevent the spread of the contagion, a messenger succeeded in bringing me word, so that I was enabled

to give him instruction and administer the Sacraments. A few days later, thus strengthened, he passed, as we may hope, to the bosom of his Lord. I had also the consolation, on this occasion, of baptizing a little girl, who most likely, had never before received that Sacrament. Hence, can I say in all truth, that my labors have been rewarded an hundred fold. A. MORRILLO, S. J.

VIII.—St. Joseph's Mission, Yakimas.

About two months ago I left the Mission in order to be nearer to the Indian camps, so that they might have an opportunity to receive some instructions, and to approach the Sacraments more frequently. The impossibility of having them all constantly in the neighborhood of the Mission, is, in the present condition of affairs, an insurmountable obstacle, both to the practice of their religious duties, and to their proper instruction in the doctrines of our faith. Accepting the courteous hospitality of Mr. Becker, I devoted all the time that I could spare to the instruction of his five children. These poor white families, scattered here and there through the Indian territories stand in need of care and instruction no less than the Indians themselves.

On the occasions of the festivals especially, the Indians flock from all sides in great numbers to this temporary residence of mine, where I have transformed an old house belonging to Mr. Becker into as decent a chapel as the circumstances permit. Here I celebrate High Mass with Indian singing, preach, administer the Sacraments, etc.

The Indian music consists of hymns either composed by ourselves, or translated into their idiom, and they are executed with such devotional style as to be very attractive and impressive. At the last celebration of the Nativity, so great was the concourse of people, that it was precisely midnight when I had finished hearing the confessions of those who wished to receive Holy Communion at the High Mass. As many Indians who still remain pagans are attracted by curiosity to these celebrations, or induced to come by their relations, so these great gatherings and festivals are profitable to both parties.

The day after the festival, an Indian came to tell me that there was at his camp a woman who was dying; could I not go there to administer the Last Sacraments to her? I told him that the fasting and fatigue of the preceding day had made me very tired, and that I should go on the following day. But afterwards combating my weariness with the fear that perhaps I might not be in time to offer the consolations of religion, after a few hours I set out, and in a short time I had traversed the twenty miles or more of distance. I found her, as had been reported, almost *in extremis:* and I lost no time in hearing her confession, after which I administered the Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Her relations and friends surrounded the bed repeating prayers, and expecting that each moment would be her last. After the lapse of half an hour, she rallied and asked for some nourishment: the bystanders hesitated to comply with this request, being in doubt as to whether she was muttering in delirium, or speaking in her right senses, but as she kept on insisting in her demand, they brought her some food, of which she freely partook, to the amazement of all, as during the preceding days her stomach had rejected every kind of nourishment. I went to visit her next day, and found her sitting at table with the rest of the family, and at present she can be said to be perfectly recovered.

Amongst the many Baptisms that I administered during my stay in this place, there was one which brought me great consolation. An American, about fifty-nine years of age, had for a long time been inclined towards the Catholic faith, but he could not persuade himself to come forward and ask for Baptism, as he was full of vulgar prejudices and erroneous ideas. During the many conversations that I had with him, my first endeavor was to root out this wilderness of errors, and then gradually to sow the good seed, which was not long in bringing forth the desired fruit. The first day of the year was marked out by Providence to confer the great boon upon him, and to fill me with consolation. After his Baptism, he said to me: "Father, this is truly the happiest day of my life."

TEXAS.

Letter of Father F. P. Garesché to Father E. I. Devitt.

SEGUIN, TEXAS, Oct. 3, 1882.

REV'D DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

Your last number of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS, sent gratuitously to my address, has brought the blush of shame to my face though bronzed by the sun of Texas. You have so often encouraged me to write and I have so weakly shrunk from the contrast between my poor labors and those of the other Fathers who write for your journal! I will overcome myself, and tell you the *Story of my Luling Mission*.

This is a railroad town about 25 miles by country road from Seguin. A frame church had been built there by Fr. Manci, and paid for by Rev. Kosspiel. It has been served by other secular priests who visited it from time to time. The Bishop having annexed it temporarily to Seguin, with the request that we should visit it once a month, I accepted the charge, and announced for my inauguration a course of lectures on Catholic doctrine. My experience in Texas has convinced me that for such lectures it is always better, if possible, to take a public hall, as the non-Catholics of this State, especially the women, will not generally go to a Catholic Church. A zealous Irishman, Chas. Boyle, by advertising and the distribution of hand-bills made sure of an audience. On a Sunday evening, then, we commenced, and were cheered by a very respectable audience numbering over two hundred, of which scarcely twenty were Catholics. The audience continued numerous and respectable, until Wednesday, when I announced that we should have to transfer the scene of action to the church, as the hall was to be occupied as a skating rink. The result was just what I had

anticipated, the number diminished, but those who came were the cream of the place, among whom we counted every evening four or five ministers. I have always endeavored on such occasions, while presenting the truth as forcibly and plainly as I can, and denouncing Protestantism as explicitly as possible, to so word my discourses as to save personal feelings. I have reason to believe that the general impression after my lectures was that the Catholic argument was unanswerable, and yet no single expression of offended sentiments was reported to me.

In the meantime I was making myself acquainted with the Catholics and asking an account of their spiritual state. This I could do the more readily and easily, as for the greater part they were Irish by birth, and had been remiss only through the lack of opportunity. They were the more willing to respond, as they were jubilant over what they were pleased to think a public triumph of the faith in a place where they had been contemptuously treated as a well-meaning but ignorant set of people. On the Friday I had to omit the evening lecture as on that day Texas celebrated the victory of San Jacinto, and no person would have come after the fatigues of the festival. I accordingly returned by rail to Seguin, and on Saturday morning came down on horse-back.

Will you forgive me if I occupy some of your valuable space in telling you about my horse, *Careto?* I will try hard to be short, but I grow eloquent when I speak of him. We are great friends and companions; he comes to my whistle and will follow me like a dog. He is a Spanish Indian mustang, in size between a pony and a horse, piebald or a *paint* as the Texans call him, beautifully marked, a brownish black being his prevailing color. He has great endurance, is gentle, spirited, and a natural pacer, though for long trips I make him trot. If I am to continue these letters you must expect to hear of him occasionally.

On the following Sunday I announced that during the next week I proposed to *round up* my flock and *renew the brand* upon all estrays. I hope these expressions are intel-

ligible to you: every child in Texas understands them. Indeed, I had found that a special effort was needed. The Catholics lived on farms distant from four to ten miles, some on this side, some on the other side of the San Marcos, a deep, though not a wide stream, with treacherous fords, that I have always dreaded to traverse alone. There were but three families residing in the place itself. Of all the congregation there were not ten who were Easter communicants, and the greater number of adults had been from nine to twenty years absent from the Holy Table. I could not assemble them together for a mission, so taking Charlie Boyle for guide, I determined to visit them singly.

Alas, my guide was not of the surest, and I found that in cases of doubt the right road was the one that he condemned. My daily order of the mission was as follows: Feeding and grooming my horse; meditation, Mass, instruction for first communion, breakfast and then 'boot and saddle.' We rode from fifteen to twenty miles a day. On coming to a Catholic farm I would take down the names, incidentally ascertaining how many had made their First Communion, and how long they had been from confession.

Then came catechism for children, more by the way of examination than instruction, and following that, a special exhortation to the parents. These few points were insisted upon. Mass whenever there was Mass at Luling; prayers of Mass or Rosary on all other Sundays; catechism every evening, and repetition on Sunday, family prayers every night. I am happy to say that in my subsequent visits every month, which I prolong for a week, I have found that these exercises are generally practised. We were always back in Luling by four o'clock, when I had a class for First Communion. The nights I spent on a thin pallet on the floor of a small room back of the altar.

The results were proportioned to the prayers of the holy souls who at Seguin and San Antonio follow me wherever I go. I had thirty-three communions, and since then, I have increased the number, and I give communion every month to ten or fifteen, some of whom come ten miles and fast until noon.

There were some incidents which I think may not be uninteresting. Three or four men gave me especial concern. One of them, married to a Protestant, had three children unbaptized. His mother-in-law did all she could to keep them in that state, declaring that she would rather see them dead than baptized into the Catholic Church. The husband and father triumphed, first in his children, and next in his own case, for rarely have I received one in the tribunal of penance who showed more compunction for a luke-warm life. His wife gives promise of a speedy conversion. Another knew and "that in his day the things that were for his peace." On the third or last Sunday of my stay he approached the Holy Table, and on the Thursday following he was cut to pieces by a railroad train. Another refused all compliance with the numerous invitations extended to him by myself and by his friends. On my last visit I found that he had suddenly taken sick and died, his Catholic friends knowing nothing of his danger, his Protestant wife never thinking of sending for the priest. Still a fourth bound up in a secret society holds out, but in fear and trembling for the late examples that he has witnessed. In a fifth case I could verify what Father Damen once told me. He acknowledged that he had once been inclined to lament that so many priests should be occupied in colleges who could do so much on the missions for the glory of God, but that his experience had shown him that one of our old students, though long neglectful of duty, coming back to his church and his God, generally became the right hand of his pastor. An old student of Bardstown was living in Luling married to a Baptist. His old faith was renewed. He made a confession, the first in eighteen years, is now a monthly communicant, the weekly Catechist, and is trying to merit his wife's conversion by consecrating all his spare moments to the adorning of the altar, to which he is adding a reredos, and which he is enriching with scroll-work.

My visits to Luling, made on horse-back, lasting as I have said a week at a time, are full of consolation, but are also, as I hope, initiating me to longer and hardier excursions. Once I found myself surprised by the darkness of a

rainy day and early night about a mile from a farm where I proposed to spend the night. What with the number of cross-roads, the blinding lightning, and the falling rain, I lost my way. At nine o'clock I found myself just on the point of being precipitated into a deep ravine, but was saved by the intelligence of my horse. I staked him out, spread my horse blanket, placed my saddle and saddle-bags between two young live oaks, and then wrapping myself in rubber coat (*slicker*), after reciting a pair of beads and sucking a short pipe lay down to my rest. I assure you that I did not recognize any hardship. The rain was gentle and warm, the night air mild and pure, and I was dropping off into as sweet a sleep as I have ever enjoyed, when my unruly and impertinent fancy suggested the rustling of a moccasin snake near by. It is true that they do exist and in numbers in such places, but reason told me that there was no reality in my fears. Reason was of no avail, and feeling that there could be for me no more sleep that night, I arose, saddled up and gave my horse the reins, knowing that he would take the road to Seguin. About eleven o'clock we came to a small farm by the way-side where I was given a bed for the night. I found it, though the doors were left open, a stuffy place compared to my abandoned couch under the live oaks. One gets so accustomed to the open air here that one prefers it to the close comfort of an apartment.

On my last visit I had my first swim on horse-back. There had been a sudden rise and overflow in the San Marcos and its tributary, the Blanco, in consequence of a water spout about twenty or thirty miles off. My first notice of a flood was when I was twenty miles from Seguin, and a mile distant from a farm where I spent the next day and night. The road crossed a ravine about fifteen feet deep and twenty-five or thirty yards wide, in which ordinarily there was not water enough to wet a hoof. What were my surprise and disgust to find it bank-full, and carrying a great deal of drift. I thought it as good an occasion of testing my horse's swimming powers, and of enriching my own experience, as I could have, trusting that happen what might, I could always save myself. I packed my saddle-bags in

my rubber, tied my boots to the pommel, unloosed my tie-rope which I coiled up and held in my left hand, and then with my feet free of the stirrups, after an earnest *memorare* and a brief appeal to my Angel Guardian, I pressed in. At the first plunge we were over depth, Careto hesitated an instant, and was for returning, but with a few encouraging words (in Spanish, of course, for he understands no English, and I don't wish him to learn it) he struck out, and I almost cheered for joy as I felt how strongly he swam and how bravely he held me up. The current was not very swift, but we had no room for drifting and we barely made the opposite bank where the road issued from the cut. Indeed Careto struck his forehoof on the side of the bank and as he slightly reared, gave issue to such a sob, so full and deep and pathetic, that it almost sounded human. In the next minute we were out, and as we both, turning round, looked at the stream we shook our heads as who would say —'well out of that'—one of us at least gave thanks to God. My friends, Protestant and Catholic, have assured me that had I known all the danger of such an experiment, I would never have ventured it. I am glad then, that I did not know it, for now I do know what I can do, and better how to do it.

F. P. G.

BRAZIL.

EDIFYING LIFE AND SAINTLY DEATH OF A BRAZILIAN NOVICE.

By Father R. M. Galanti.

Itu, October 15, 1882.

Reverend and Dear Father in Christ,

P. C.

In fulfilment of the promise which was made in my last letter, I come at length to relate some edifying things about the life of a novice, who died three years ago at Naples.

Emmanuel Augustus Neves, was born at Itu, July 13, 1861. In his childhood, a long and obstinate disease, from which he was delivered by an especial grace of our Blessed Lady, had so undermined his constitution, that he was ever afterwards weak and sickly. His mother, a most pious and respectable lady, understanding the sublime mission entrusted to Christian parents, spared no trouble in the education of her son. Accordingly, from the very dawn of life, she taught her child the holy fear and love of Almighty God, respect and veneration for our Blessed Lady and the saints; from her instructions he learned how to pray, and how to avoid all words and actions that might in any manner offend against purity and the most perfect modesty. Moreover, she exercised constant personal supervision in his regard, not permitting any familiarity with the servants or slaves; nor allowing him to go abroad except in her company, or attended by some trustworthy person. Her care in this respect was so great, that even during the vacations which he spent away from the college, when he was already fifteen years of age, he was never allowed to go out alone.

Such a system of education is extraordinary and without example in this country:—and so, too, was the result obtained. It is not to be wondered at, that opposite methods produce opposite results, just as from contradictory princi-

ples are derived consequences which are in opposition with each other. It is not an uncommon occurrence to hear parents lamenting that their children have gone astray; and, unfortunately, they will not understand that the evil is only the necessary consequence of the unlimited liberty and irreligious education which is given to them.

Our Emmanuel Augustus, on the contrary, was so accustomed to obedience, devotion, and modesty, that these virtues seemed to be a part of his nature. He lost his father, when he was still a child seven years of age, and the circumstances of his family brought him to San Paulo, where he was admitted into the episcopal seminary, which was then under the direction of the Capuchin Fathers. There, he made his First Communion with such devotion, that he ever afterwards recalled that solemn day with the liveliest pleasure: his piety and innocent simplicity attracted the notice of his teachers, who still remember these traits in his character. His mother, for special reasons, preferred to send him to our college of Itu, after a year had been spent at this first school, and he came to us on the 8th of May, 1873. From the very beginning, every body in the college observed that he had a soul made for virtue, and that he was a boy of great promise. He found no difficulty in adapting himself to the college regulations, and soon acquired filial confidence towards all his masters.

With regard to studies, he applied himself earnestly to the matter of his course, and tried his best to give satisfaction to his teachers. In addition to the regular preparatory studies, he cultivated music and drawing with success. During the time of recreation, he disliked idle talk, and preferred to busy himself in anything that would be useful to himself or others; always obliging, his services were freely given to anyone that requested them. He was ever cheerful, but always within the bounds of the severest modesty. On one occasion, an imprudent word caused him to abandon a game in which he was engaged. For this reason, the Father who acted as prefect was always sure that so long as Emmanuel Augustus was in a crowd of boys, the mor-

ality of their conversation was safe; and whenever his suspicions were aroused in regard to any gathering, he used to send him to join it. And yet, although his presence was such a check upon impropriety, he was never known to use sharp language towards his companions, whilst he had to bear a great deal from some of them, to whom his purity, modesty and devotion were a reproach.

But it was in the practices of devotion that the Christian education received from his mother was most conspicuously displayed, and from these, too, could be foretold the future in store for him. How consoling it was to see him kneeling in prayer by his bedside before retiring, or in the church and elsewhere: he showed at these times by outward signs, and yet without any affectation, that he felt the interior impression of grace. He went regularly to confession, and received Holy Communion every Sunday, and even oftener when he could obtain permission to do so. His conscience was so delicate that frequently at night he asked whether he could go to bed without confession, as he had committed such and such a fault during the day. Yet, these faults were so trifling, that when he asked me for the first time, before I had known his interior, I doubted whether he was speaking seriously or not.

He had great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, to our Blessed Lady and St. Aloysius. Nor was his devotion limited to mere words or barren sentiment. At the head of his bedstead, and on his desk he was accustomed to keep a crucifix and some pious picture, and it was also a custom with him to perform some acts of mortification in honor of his patron saints. On Saturdays, especially, he showed some such mark of honor towards the Blessed Virgin, abstaining from the *merenda*, and declining to partake of anything else that was given beyond the ordinary food. As I closely observed the conduct of this amiable youth, and was gratified with his rapid progress in virtue, I subjected him to trial whenever it could be conveniently done, by offering him on Saturday something that he naturally liked, or by scolding him without sufficient cause, or by imposing

some extraordinary task upon him; and, I can say, that I found him steadfast in his resolutions. For on Saturdays, he never accepted what I offered, and never complained of my reprehensions, either to me or his companions, or to the superiors. As for the work that I assigned him, when it was too much, he did what he could, and then calmly reported that he had been unable to finish it.

I could add many particulars concerning his life at college. I knew him well, for he was in my class and also in the division over which I had charge; but it is time to speak about his vocation to our Society.

We could easily conjecture from his conduct whither his steps were tending, but as he was reticent on the subject, we did not ask any questions, and left God to deal with His creature according to His own loving designs. At the beginning of the year 1876, he asked the permission of his mother and superiors to start immediately with two Fathers who were about to set out for Europe. It is needless to say that the superiors declined to grant a request proposed without any previous intimation. It was only after several months of delay, and after his determination had been subjected to several proofs, that they permitted him to be examined; and, although all were convinced that his vocation was from above, yet the weak state of his health caused his admission to be delayed until the end of the year. Words fail to describe the joy he felt at the accomplishment of his cherished wishes; thenceforward, more than ever before, his inclinations were for prayer, self-denial, retirement, and zeal for the conversion of sinners.

At length, it was resolved to send him to Europe, a favorable opportunity presenting itself, as two Capuchin Fathers were about to return home, and he could travel in their company. It was not difficult to obtain the consent of his pious mother, although she was a widow, and on his departure would be left with only one little girl: her permission was given in a beautiful letter, worthy of a Christian in the best ages of faith.

He keenly felt the sacrifice of leaving home and country,

but whilst acknowledging the pain it cost him, he was steadfast in his resolution, saying that he was ready to give up everything, in order to follow his vocation. During the voyage his cheerfulness and modest behavior attracted the notice of the other passengers. He was also very particular in performing all his exercises of piety.

His arrival at the novitiate of Les Alleux, near Laval, was a cause of consolation to the whole community: simplicity, modesty, light-hearted innocence, and, above all, filial confidence in his superiors, were the distinguishing traits of character, which he displayed from the moment of his entrance. Father Camillo Marini, Master of Novices, wrote to Reverend Father Rector: "The arrival of a new novice always diffuses joy throughout this community, but the joy excited in all of us at the sight of the little Emmanuel Augustus was such as I had never witnessed before." Father Albini, Rector of the house, wrote on the same occasion: "Yesterday, 31st of May . . . . we received into the house Emmanuel Augustus, joyful, lively, and contented. He caused general consolation. How happy and satisfied he is! He seems to be swimming in a sea of honey. May God preserve him for many years in good health." On another occasion, the same Father wrote: "I did not know that the Brazilians have such good qualities. You may send to our novitiate as many as you choose, provided they be like little Neves. He has but one fault; it is to be somewhat scrupulous."

Every one observed the great facility with which he practised all the virtues proper to novices, together with an intense love of his vocation, devotion towards the Blessed Virgin and filial confidence in the direction of the Master of Novices. During recreation he took delight in conversing upon spiritual subjects; he was conspicuous for charity towards all; his demeanor was calm and cheerful. Unhappily, his health was too delicate to bear with the cold climate of France. The approach of winter made him feel unwell, and at length he fell sick of a pleurisy. His patience and resignation during this illness increased the opinion that

was entertained of his virtue. He recovered from the disease, but not perfectly. Therefore, it was resolved, in accordance with the advice of the physicians, to send him back to Brazil, with the hope that his native air would benefit him. When the R. F. Provincial, who happened to be there for his Visitation, announced this decision, Emmanuel Augustus calmly, but firmly, answered: "Oh! not that, Reverend Father; I would prefer to die in the Society, rather than return home." "But your mother, what would she say then?" "It is what she wishes. She will be far better satisfied to hear that I died in the Society of Jesus, than to see me home again."

The Father Provincial, admiring the virtue both of the son and of the mother, said that he would try every means for the restoration of his health, and on that same day he asked by telegraph a place for him in the novitiate of Naples. Therefore, after a few days, he left Les Alleux, to the great regret of all. At Naples, his health was improved, but it was not completely restored. Here, as elsewhere, he soon won the affection of all in the house. In numerous letters to his mother, he constantly speaks of the great charity of that community, particularly of the superiors, and shows the high estimate in which he held his vocation, by the words with which he invariably concluded his letters: "I pray all of you to recommend me to God, and to the Blessed Virgin, that I may persevere in my holy vocation." He was allowed to pronounce the vows at the end of two years of noviceship, and this he did with great devotion, as appears from a beautiful letter written to his mother on the occasion.

His health, to all appearance, was improving, but the appearance was delusive. Fever, inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis attacked him, and the most skilful physicians of Naples declared that the malady was incurable. Prayers were offered for his recovery. Meantime, the renown of his virtues was spread far and wide.

The Archbishop of Naples wished to see the sick novice. He went to visit him, and was so well pleased, that he

seemed loth to withdraw, and before retiring he asked Emmanuel to send for him whenever he wished to see him, and afterwards spoke in high terms of praise concerning the virtue he had observed in the young religious. Emmanuel, fully aware that death was close at hand, asked permission to take leave of his mother, which he did in a touching and heroic letter. As the disease was making rapid progress, he received calmly and devoutly the Last Sacraments, on the Feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady. Next day, about 8 P. M., his agony began: the whole community had gathered around his bed. They remained there praying until a quarter past ten, when our Emmanuel Augustus Neves, without pain or struggle, repeating the holy names of Jesus and Mary, quietly resigned his innocent soul into the hands of our Lord Jesus Christ.

His body was buried with the other Fathers and Brothers, who had died in Naples during the dispersion. I must not omit that a funeral oration in honor of his memory was delivered in the refectory of the novitiate—an extraordinary fact, which shows the esteem in which he was held even by those in whose midst he had lived for only a brief time. A Father, from whom I received these last particulars, concludes by saying: "This good Brother left us a wonderful example of patience, conformity to the will of God, and exact observance of our rules."

May he now in heaven pray for our beloved Society, so much afflicted, for his masters, and for this college. May this notice also edify your readers, and move them to pray for this unhappy country, which is rapidly drifting towards Protestantism, or something worse, and will lose the Faith, unless God help it. R. M. G.

SOME OLD LETTERS (1801-8).

[These letters, now published for the first time, were written by Bishop Leonard Neale, Father Anthony Kohlmann and Father Charles Sewall to correspondents in England. They furnish some interesting facts and observations, in relation to the religious state of the country at the beginning of the century, as also in regard to the condition of affairs at Georgetown College, and the re-establishment of the Society in America].

I.—Letters of Bishop Leonard Neale to Father Marmaduke Stone, Stonyhurst College, England.

LETTER I.

GEO. TOWN, Oct. 19, 1801.

DEAR AND REV[d] S[r],

I wrote to you some time past in answer to a letter received from you purporting the acceptance of my Bill of Exchange, and the payment being due, etc. In my answer I observed that nothing was mentioned in yours concerning the object of the Bill: or whether there was any prospect of succeeding in the commission I so confidently presumed to charge you with. I would wish to hear your explicit sentiments on the subject.

The public prints announce the re-establishment of the Jesuits in Sardinia. We wish to know whether the report be founded, and whether *Societas Jesu*, or *Societas Fidei Jesu*, be the object of the report. Farther, I wish to know the real sentiments of the *clear-sighted* respecting the latter, and whether their fourth vow concerning the Pope's declarations, really involves any change of the object and spirit, which the former held up and supported. In my weak judgment, I can discern nothing in it, but the extending to His Holiness that obligation of *blind obedience* which all Jesuits profess to the Superiors of their Order, and in that

supposition could it be deemed to change, and not rather support and promote the genuine spirit of St. Ignatius—who not only insisted on blind obedience with all the members of the Society, but would have the Professed Fathers bound by a special vow of obedience to His Holiness? Be fully communicative on this head and on every other point which may concern a subject so intimately interesting to us.

Rev^d^. Mr. Molyneux is a convalescent from a serious attack of illness by which he was reduced to death's door. All the members of the Society here are now grown old, the youngest being past 54. Death, therefore, holds out his threatening rod, and excites us to redoubled wishes for the re-establishment of the Society on which the welfare of this country seems much to depend. Could we have some of its genuine members to fix in the possession of our College and estates, the gratification would be singular, and our latter days would be crowned with joy and peace.

We are struggling to commence Philosophy immediately. We hope to get a Professor from the Seminary of Baltimore for the present, till you can provide us one, if possible, of the Society. Bishop Carroll has been indisposed, but is, I believe, recovered from his indisposition. My brothers are well, as are all in the college. Messrs. Young, Matthews and Lawrenson are still here. They and all our BB. join me in every cordial wish and congratulation on the flourishing state of Stony Hurst College, for which we feel as for the elder brother of our own. Mr. Ashton has been informed of Mr. Semmes' request, which I presume he will attend to.

Present my kindest compliments to Mr. Semmes and all my other dear friends and acquaintance. We want assistance. Pray, if you can, fail not to afford it. With all esteem and regard,

Dear and Rev^d^ S^r^,

I remain most devotedly,

Y^r^ Obd^t^ H^ble^ S^vt^ in X^t^,

✝ Leon^d^ Neale, B^p^ of Gortyna and Pres^dt^ of G. T. College.

To Rev'd Fr. Stone, Stonyhurst.

LETTER II.

GEO. TOWN, Ap[l] 21, 1802.

REV[d] D[r] S[r],

I wrote to you a considerable time past, but have received no answer. Perhaps my eager desire of hearing from you may have represented the time longer than it really is. However, it appears to me as if you wished not to communicate at all with me. I could wish you to remove the impression, as it is not an agreeable one.

I write to you concerning the money forwarded to you, the receipt whereof you have acknowledged, and also concerning the object of said money. We have heard of the re-establishment of the Society thro' Mr. Strickland. But the clear light does not as yet shine on us. You, who are nearer the sun, should not refuse to communicate its benign rays. If we could get members of the Society, they would be objects of our wishes. Anything genuine from our ancient body would be highly gratifying. If possible you can assist us, do not let the want of feeling for remote and distressed Brethren prevent the salutary aid. If Stonyhurst can forward assistance to our poor George Town College for Masters, etc., surely selfishness will have no influence with you. I never looked upon you as a selfish man.

I am obliged to have recourse to extremes, even to make *scholars prefects*, etc. We have some moderate prospects of future success. This blessed day, I gave the tonsure to six young men, all promising characters: more are coming on for next year. We have but four Philosophers, three of whom are Clerics. Mr. Maréchal is my professor of Philosophy: he is one of the French gentlemen of the Seminary of Baltimore. There is but one Cleric studying in the Seminary making his way to higher orders.

Rev'd Mr. Walton requested me to enquire whether the money he made over to you has been received and applied to the object he pointed out. I request a full reply to all these different points. I write in a hurry. All our Gen-

tlemen here join me in the sincerest wishes and most affectionate compliments to our old friends and all the members of Stonyhurst.

With the greatest esteem and regard, I remain,

D^r^. and Rev^d^ S^r^.,

Y^r^ most affectionate and Hb^le^ S^vt^,

✝ Leonard Neale, Bis^hp^ of Gortyna and Coadjutor to the B^p^ of Balt^re^.

LETTER III.

Geo. Town, June 30, 1802.

Rev^d^ and Dear S^r^,

As an opportunity serves from our port of Geo. Town, I could not omit writing a few lines, tho' I had received no answer to my two last letters addressed to you. I must own it is painful to have so seldom any communications from you, especially when they are intended to serve the grand object, Religion, which is common to us both and our beloved BB^n^.

I wish to hear how matters stand and whether the small sum transmitted to you will produce any *beneficial proceeds* to Geo. Town College. I am frequently called upon by our Gentlemen to know what effect my communications with you have, or are likely to produce in our favor. Mortifying it is to me to have no other reply to make, but that I have received no answer to my applications, or that I am left perfectly in the dark relatively to the object in question. For God's sake relieve me from my distressed situation. If the Sulpicians remove to France (which is threatened by Mr. Emery, their Superior in Paris), we shall be left perfectly bare. Besides, I suspect some of our professors will quit the College for other views, say one or two. In a similar situation, what would you feel without any prospect of succor from our friends more happily circumstanced? In these circumstances do not act so cruel a part as to retain from me the communications which may either afford relief, or form a *basis* for entering into new plans.

It is strongly impressed on my mind that Almighty God will send assistance to his distressed servants laboring in his vineyard in the United States. When human means fail, I confidently expect his providential interference, as the work we are engaged in is not ours, but His. The urgent necessities of the Catholics oblige Bp. Carroll to employ, otherwise, exceptionable characters in the ministry, which, you know, must produce evils of no small magnitude. The few scholars I have in the College are flattering prospects of future relief: but to be deprived of the means of carrying them through their course of studies damps our sanguine expectations and distresses our feelings in the extreme. If possible, do something to alleviate our distress. We enjoy good health, but all the members of our Old Society are aged and worn down with continual labor. How long they may subsist depends upon the hand of God which holds the thread of life. If we form not successors before that fatal period, the Society, tho' re-established, will scarcely succeed to the property we have been studiously preserving for her. A concurrence of our BB^{n} in England, I think, is of strict obligation. B^{r} Francis, Messrs. Young, Matthews, Lawrenson, etc., etc., join me in most cordial wishes to you and our worthy BB^{n} with you. With the sincerest sentiments of esteem and regard, Rev^{d} Dear S^{r}, I remain

Y^{r} most affectionate friend,

and B^{r} in J. Xt.

✠ Leon^{d} Neale, B^{p} of Gortyna and Pres^{dt} of G. T. College.

LETTER IV.

Geo. Town, June 25, 1803.

Rev'd and Dear S^{r},

I am rejoiced that your pen is at length set at liberty, or that the *mighty control* is removed. I had heard of the General's advice to our BB^{n} in England before I had the pleasure of receiving your favor. The information came not from Mr. Strickland, but from Mr. Nic. Sewall, who has our thanks. We have adopted the advice, and forwarded the names of

the Postulants to the General, who will act in the matter as it shall appear most suitable. Most of the old members and many of the young men in *Tonsure* have subscribed the petition. * * * *

The Rev[d] Mr. Walton is gone to a better life to receive the reward of his faithful and laborious exertions. He died some short time before I received your favor. His loss is severely felt. How to supply his place without leaving another point open, I know not. We are reduced to a very small number of *suitable* members. The gentlemen of St. Sulpice are ordered back to France. Some have already departed, others are on the point of sailing. Of course, the seminary is no longer calculated on. The school of boys erected there to the great prejudice of George Town College still exists: but as the Spanish youths, their chief support, are ordered by their Government to return immediately to their native country, it must naturally fall to nothing.

Our number of scholars is very small, but we still stand in the critical moment of trial. Were it the will of Heaven that the Society be speedily re-established here, I should be happy to deliver up my Presidency to their happier guidance. Notwithstanding our small number of scholars, we have a respectable number of postulants for the clerical state, and had we but funds for free places, we should undoubtedly be able to supply a considerable number in a moderate time. Hence, as this must be our grand object, you will be kind enough to transmit to me the money I formerly deposited with you, if the object then proposed cannot be obtained. I have communicated the statement you made respecting my old professor, Mr. Semmes, to Mr. Ashton, who says that he has never received his protested bills, which were necessary to claim the penalty due from the drawer. I have no influence on the gentleman. His eccentricity puts him beyond all that. He now lives on Mr. Semmes' place, etc. Mr. Francis Neale still remains with me, as also does Mr. Matthews. Mr. Young is turned farmer on a piece of land left him by his father, and, of

course, teaches no longer. The rest of my masters and professors are Eleves of the College in the Clerical line. They all join most cordially with me in every good wish to you and our D^r^ BB^n^ with you. With sentiments of the greatest respect and esteem, Rev^d^ D^r^ S^r^, I remain,

Y^r^ most obd^t^ H. S^vt^ and B^r^ in Xt,

✠ Leonard Neale, Bishop of Gortyna.

LETTER V.

Geo. Town C., May 5, 1804.

Rev^d^ Father,

I wrote to you some months past in answer to one received from you announcing happy tidings of a revival of the Society of Jesus in England. Since that, Bishop Carroll and I have been solicited by many of the clergy serving in this Mission to make known to the General their ardent prayers for re-establishing the same Society in this diocese. We have readily complied with their request, but have not been so happy as to receive an answer. The last despatches were forwarded to your Reverence, which, I understand, from a letter written by R. F. N. Sewall to his brother, have been received and sent on to their destination. I hope the issue of the business will be happy. Could the General see and feel our situation, he would certainly forward some suitable members both to regulate matters on the occasion, and also to fill the offices in the College, which I wish to deliver up to the care and management of the Society as soon as possible. I am sorry to hear of Cardinal Borgia's opposition, tho' I am not surprised at it, as the business was entered on without the support of a Papal Brief. It appears evident to me that Providence has excited this opposition in order to enforce that public *authoritative* support without which the commenced work would rest on a tottering base, and would, of course, be either of short duration, or ineffectual as to its grand object. We endeavor to struggle through our great difficulties as well as we can, trusting in the merciful providence of God. I have seven young clerics to commence

Theology next scholastic year, all *postulants* for the Society. But our Missions are left destitute of pastors in many places to the great prejudice of religion. *Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.* Oh! could you by any means lend a helping hand, it would certainly be co-operating with the views of our holy founder, *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.* I wish to hear from your Reverence as frequently as possible, and now more especially as every occurrence becomes more and more interesting. Bishop Carroll is well. None of our gentlemen have died since Mr. Walton's demise.

My brother Francis requested before he left me, to be particularly remembered to you. He is down in Charles and St. Mary's counties on public business and will not return under one or two weeks. All my other co-operators in the college join me in respectful compliments and cordial affection to your Rev^{ce} and all our BB^{n} with you. Believe me with the sincerest attachment and esteem,

Y^{r} most ob^{dt} H. S^{vt}

✠ Leon^{d} Neale, Bish^{p} of Gortyna.

LETTER VI.

Geo. T., March 15, 1805.

Rev^{d} Father,

Your long expected letter has been received. The contents, tho' consoling in substance, have such a connection with implicating circumstances, as to render it difficult to send you an appropriate answer. This has been the cause of my long delay. But now, as Father General's letter is received, by which we are empowered to proceed in the great business, and which seems to point out something more explicit than was discoverable in yours, I have undertaken to reply to your favor. I did expect from the directions given you by the General, you would have sent forward some one of our proved and venerable characters, who might have commenced the contemplated restoration, and I should have been glad if the money I have placed in your hands, had been employed in defraying his expenses. Even now, if you can

forward any assistance, that is, any of your subjects, I shall be willing that they employ the said money to pay their expenses. If this cannot be done, I wish you to employ at least £30 to purchase scholastic books, such as you know are suitable for our schools both higher and lower, as also the rules of the Society, its constitutions, etc., etc., not only in Latin, but also in English, as we are generally destitute of them. Our lame and crippled situation in point of the Old Members, renders the commencement of the business perfectly awkward. However, Bishop Carroll will meet our Gentlemen at St. Thomas's Manor soon after Easter, in order to put hand to work. If Scholastic Books be forwarded, I hope you will exert your endeavors to procure them as low as possible: no matter if they be second-handed: and they must be directed to me, *for the use of the college*, as that will exempt them from import duties. The residue of the money, if such there be, you will be pleased to refund to me in a suitable bill. As for taking a bill on Mr. Ashton, I cannot. He is one I do not deal with in money matters. Your idea of sending our young men to Stonyhurst, etc., is perfectly eccentric. Much less expense would attend one of our Gentlemen from England to teach them here, than would be necessary to transmit them thither to be taught in your schools. Such a project was never contemplated by us. The glorious re-establishment of the Society in Naples, of which we have received accounts, has filled our souls with joy. May the infinite Mercies of God be eternally exalted. My brother Francis is well, as are also the other gentlemen, who unite with me in presenting our sincere congratulations and most cordial wishes.

I am, Rev^{d} and Dear S^{r},

Your most Obed^{t} S^{vt} in Xt,

✠ Leon^{d} Neale, Bish^{p} of Grtn^{a}.

LETTER VII.

GEO. TOWN, Feb. 16, 1808.

REV[d] AND DEAR S[r],

A considerable time being elapsed since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, I find it necessary to address you in these few lines. The money I formerly deposited in your hands is now much wanted, and I request that on the receipt of this you will be pleased to transmit to me *personally* the full amount of the deposit, not by giving orders on any one, but by a good Bill of Exchange.

We have had the happiness of receiving five members of the Society, [1] and expect a further reinforcement ere long. Since the arrival of the above five members, we have been blest with the increase of two worthy Priests from Brabant, who since their arrival have been received into the noviceship of the Society.[2] Both are already engaged in the Mission.

The Novitiate is established in Geo. Town College. The first course consisted of eleven Novices, and the second of seven. All going on well. Several scholars are expecting to enter and form the third course next term. Thus the College of Geo. Town, tho' short in point of numbers of scholars has not been unfertile in genuine productions. The proof drawn from stubborn facts must be an ample support of the discipline and principles adopted in that College during my Presidency. It gives me solid comfort to feel in my mind and conviction that I have contributed to the increase and welfare of the Society by raising and preparing worthy subjects to join it. Four novices of the first course are studying Theology. They are in their second year and will be admitted to Priesthood as soon as circumstances will admit of it.[3] Thus things seem to go on well under the influence and blessing of Heaven.

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[1] FF. Anthony Kohlmann, Peter Epinette, Adam Britt, John Henry and Francis Malevé.

[2] FF. Beschter and Wouters.

[3] Benedict J. Fenwick, Enoch Fenwick, Leonard Edelin and James Spink, ordained March 12, 1808, by Bishop Neale.

All our Gentlemen are well and join me in presenting our respectful compliments and sincere wishes to you and all our Brethren. May Heaven protect them all and pour down its choice blessings on them.

With great respect and esteem,

Rev^{d} S^{r}, I remain

Y^{r} most Ob^{dt} H. S^{vt} in Xt,

✠ Leon^{d} Bish^{p} of Gortyna.

II.—Letters of Father Charles Sewall to his Brother, Fr. Nicholas Sewall.

St. Thomas' Manor,
Nov. 21st, 1803.

Dear Brother,

* * * * I am glad to hear how much the College of Stonyhurst flourishes, and that they are going to build, or preparing a house in its neighborhood for little boys and a Novitiate; but I am sorry that there are no hopes of our obtaining help from the success of your College. As I informed you in my last, our College is still declining, there being about twenty students at present, all owing to bad regulations, etc., which displease parents. I fear we shall have no success until the re-establishment of the Society here. I shall be glad to know how many Novices Mr. Stone may have and whether all the ancient Gentlemen of Stonyhurst have re-entered. By some letters written from your neighborhood to America there was a diversity of opinion in Stonyhurst relative to the propriety of re-entering the Society, at the time of Mr. Stone's instalment. Mr. C. Plowden, etc., thought you ought to wait longer: as for my part, I would never ask a Bishop's leave to be a Jesuit, as long as there was the Pope's even *verbal authority*. God grant I may live to renew my vows also in the Society: the General's answer is not yet received by our Bishop.

If Bonaparte ever intends to execute his boasted attack on England, I suppose he has done it by this time, so that he has met with his deserts; his brother Jerome is in Bal-

timore; a little, insignificant, dissipated youth of about 19 years of age. Lately there was a horse-race at Baltimore: the winning horse was named Bonaparte: this elated Jerome so much that he offered to run a foot-race with any gentleman; the challenge was accepted, the race was run, and Jerome lost it; and immediately it was sung thro' all the streets of Baltimore: "Bonaparte with four legs won the race: Bonaparte with two legs lost the race." . . . . I informed you in my last of the death of the Rev^d^ Mr. Jos. Doyne, who departed this life on the 21st of the last month: requiescat in pace.

I shall be glad to know how religion goes on in France; whether there be any prospect of the Society re-existing there or in other parts of Europe. . . . I fear there are little hopes during the reign of the Corsican despot. Comp^ts^ to all friends.

I am Y^r^ aff^te^ Brother,

Cs. Sewall.

P. S. I doubt much whether the letters sent by our Bishops with our petitions to re-enter the Society of Jesus have ever reached the General; or, if he has received them, I fear his answer is intercepted. As his letters and answers have been received by Messrs. Strickland and Stone, it appears that there is a more ready and sure communication between England and Russia, than between America and Russia. Wherefore I cannot close this letter without requesting you to present my humble respects to your Rev^d^ Provincial, whom I beg to do me the singular favor of obtaining leave of the General for my re-entrance into the Society of Jesus, as a member of the English Province, in case the General has not or does not otherwise ordain by erecting America into a separate Province: others of my Rev^d^ Brethren here will be equally obliged to Mr. Stone for the same favor in their regard. As we are very few in number, I think it would be more to the advantage of Religion were we united to you in the same Province. But this I suppose will be regulated by Fr. Gruber. Be pleased to answer this letter as soon as you can. Y^rs^ as above.

St. Thomas' Manor, Feb. 5th, 1805.

Dear Brother,

On the 28th day of last December I received your letter of the 15th of Oct^r, 1804, by the packet; and your other of the 20th of the same month sent by a private ship, I received last night; so that you see how much better it is to write by the packet. Both of your letters brought most agreeable news. Before the rec^t of your last, Bishops Carroll and Neale received from Mr. Strickland a copy of Fr. Gruber's answer to theirs and our petition. Mr. Strickland had received the General's answer as early as last April and immediately sent it off; but hearing from B^p Carroll, that he had not yet received it, he sent a copy, which the General directed him to take, lest the original might be lost, as it so happened: this news, you may suppose, gives us the greatest satisfaction. I have not yet seen the General's answer; but Bishop Carroll first, and then his Coadjutor informs me of it. The General's letter contains full directions for reorganizing the Society in this country; and it appears from what Bishop Carroll tells me, that we are to be formed into a Province, as we are to have a Provincial or Vice-Provincial, on whom, as soon as he is appointed, the General confers the usual faculties. From the letters of our Bishops they are to have a meeting of our oldest members, when, i. e. at which time, a Superior will be appointed, etc. But this can not be done till the weather is much more moderate than it now is: we have had a most severe winter hitherto. It began with great severity early in December, and has continued with great fury ever since, attended with much snow, dreadful North West winds, and ice so as to render the roads sometimes impassable: the Potomack river, which from this place is about seven miles across, is now entirely frozen over.

As soon as the Society is re-organized here, I will write to you again. In the meantime I thank God for having preserved a few of us at least so long as this, and I hope we

shall live to see the happy day of our re-entrance:[1] and from your letters I confide and think there will be ere long a general re-establishment.

For these six weeks past I have been confined to my room with an attack of the gout in my right foot, unable to say Mass; but I hope I shall be well to officiate in our Church next Sunday, the Monday following being the day appointed for the Jubilee for the beginning of this Century. —I can not learn that any of our family ever had the gout. I never had the least symptoms of it before, and never expected to be visited by such a *noble* disorder at this time of life of sixty and upwards. I am

Y^r^ aff^te^ Brother—Cs. Sewall.

III.—Letters of Father Anthony Kohlmann to Father William Strickland, Poland Street, London.

Georgetown, Feb. 23, 1807.

My Very Reverend Father,

* * * * You are doubtless acquainted through other sources with the fact that last autumn obedience sent me in company with Father Epinette to America; he is to teach Theology, and I Philosophy. We arrived after a safe but tiresome passage at Baltimore, where Bishop Carroll welcomed us with the kindness of a father: after a short stay in Baltimore, he sent us to Georgetown, distant twelve leagues from Baltimore. Our College, although not yet completed, is a fine building, capable of accommodating more than two hundred scholars. The present number is quite small compared with that of a few years ago; the diminution is owing to a long chain of circumstances which

[1] This hope was realized. When Father Gruber authorized the former members of the Society in Maryland to renew their vows, Fathers Robert Molyneux, Charles Neale, Charles Sewall and Sylvester Boarman availed themselves of the permission. Father Molyneux was appointed Superior, June 27, 1805, at which time, or shortly afterwards, Father Sewall had the happiness of re-entering the Society which he loved so well; he survived this only for a short time, dying at St. Thomas', Nov. 10, 1806. æt. 62. He was the first stationary priest at Baltimore, which before his time used to be attended from Whitemarsh, Prince George County.

it would be too tedious to mention in detail just now. It is a favorable sign that in general a spirit of piety and religion flourishes in the house, and I have no doubt that under the new management the number of scholars will soon be considerably increased. I am fully persuaded that there is not a country in the world at the present time which is better prepared than this to give a firm and lasting foothold to the Society. Furthermore, there is not one which offers a vaster field to the apostolic zeal of the Society; whether you consider so many Catholics scattered through the different sections of the United States, and almost entirely deprived of priests, especially of the Society, and consequently living and dying in complete ignorance of their religion; whether you regard the unfortunate tribes of Indians, to whom the Gospel of Jesus Christ has never been preached, and who are so well disposed to listen to the tidings of salvation; or, finally, whether you reflect upon the vast number of heretics, especially of Methodists in country districts, the greater part of whom, as experience demonstrates, would become Catholics, if there were anyone to point out the truth to them. Surely, here is fully verified that saying of our Lord: *Messis quidem multa, operarii autem pauci.*

All these hopes rest upon the help that the Society can furnish. It seems, indeed, that it is for the accomplishment of his merciful designs upon this people, that God has sent us a number of young men to be, as it were, the cornerstones of the Society in this new world. They are twelve in number, viz: eight Scholastics (four of whom are in theology and four in philosophy) and four Coadj. Temp. The Novitiate is in a house separated from the College, but not far from it. Fr. Francis Neale is Master of Novices, and I am his *socius*. Fr. Charles Neale resides with his holy Carmelites. Fr. Britt is in a German congregation at Philadelphia. FF. Henry and Malevé are engaged on the missions and are busy learning English. Fr. Epinette is at the College, and teaches Latin to several candidates for the Society. Our worthy Father Provincial, Rev. Fr. Molyneux, resides at the Novitiate, and has the confidence and affection of all

by his kindness of heart and good humor. Our Novices give catechism twice a week in the parish, and I do the same on Sundays and Festivals, and our good Lord is pleased to bless these labors, because whereas, formerly seven or eight children at most used to attend the instructions, now there are more than eighty, and amongst them some Protestants and grown persons. An infinite good can be accomplished by means of catechetical instruction, as a large proportion of the Catholics are plunged in total ignorance of their religion, and a great number, especially Methodists and Protestants, would embrace the Faith, if they knew it. Conversions are of daily occurrence. Heaven grant that they send us abundant aid from Russia. If the whole Society were transplanted to these countries, many places would still be destitute of workmen. I cannot write at greater length at present, for I am quite busy at the novitiate. In a short time I am to go to Philadelphia, and several other towns, to instruct the Catholics in German and English, and to hear confessions, especially of the Germans, who, according to the letter of Father Britt, are no longer well enough acquainted with German to confess in that tongue, and he does not know English well enough to hear them in that language. I have preached several times in English, and every one tells me that I was fully understood.

May God in His goodness bestow His benediction upon the work: to this end, I commend myself to your Holy Sacrifices, and I remain with the highest esteem and most lively gratitude,

My Very Reverend Father,

Your most humble and grateful servant,

ANT: KOHLMANN, S. J.

P. S. Mr. Zocchi is in charge of a congregation or parish not far from here, and has applied to be received into the Society. There are several other postulants, and amongst them all the masters of the College, but they are obliged to wait until next year to begin their novitiate. Fr. Molyneux, the Provincial, and Fr. Epinette commission me to present their regards, as also Mr. Young and Mr. Mat-

thews, who are going to make the long retreat after Easter, in order to enter the Society.

To the Same.

PHILADELPHIA, April 23, 1807.

VERY REVEREND FATHER IN JESUS CHRIST,

I write to you from Philadelphia, where I have been sent by Bishop Carroll, to give a little mission in a German parish, which for a long time was in charge of unworthy priests, but is now cared for by a venerable Father of the Society. From this, I shall pass through the greater part of the congregations of Pennsylvania composed principally of Germans, and shall finish my missionary tour by a triduum at the German church in Baltimore. * * * *

To the Same.

GEORGETOWN, March 9, 1808.

* * * We have at present ten Novices of the second year, four studying Divinity under Father Epinette, four who are to begin next year their course of Philosophy, and two Lay Brothers. Eight Novices of the first year, five Scholastics and three Brothers; and eleven Fathers, of whom three are Novices. The College begins to raise itself from that state of degradation, to which it was reduced since a few years. There are about forty students at present. A present made to the College of $500 enables us to finish the building. Piety flourishes as well as a love of application. I attend since a few weeks the congregation of Alexandria, tho' residing in the College. There is a great deal of good to be done in this country in every line of the Ecclesiastical ministry. May it please Almighty God to multiply this rural flock. To this end I recommend me with my dear companions to your holy sacrifices, being for ever most respectfully,

Rev[d] and Dear Sir,

Your most humble and ob[t] Serv[t],

ANTHONY KOHLMANN, S. J.

[A sketch of the Life of Father Kohlmann, together with some interesting letters written by him from New York (1808–10) appeared in these LETTERS, Vol. IV., page 137.]

NOTES UPON THE CAUSES OF BEATIFICATION,

RELATING TO THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, PENDING BEFORE THE CONGREGATION OF RITES.

About the middle of last October, Father Negroni, successor to Father Boero, furnished the following notes, of which we give the translation:

REALINI.—Proposed April 30, 1878, in full Congregation *coram Sanctissimo*, for the approbation of the miracles; the cause was suspended, because the Holy Father desires miracles other than those proposed.

THE FRENCH MARTYRS.—The cause was presented to the Promoter of the Faith in order that he might make his observations. It was replied that ten years had not yet elapsed since the presentation of the process, and that for this reason the cause could not be proposed. A petition was offered for the abridgment of the intervals; but the Holy Father has not judged it proper to grant this favor. Meantime there have been sent certain instructions of the Promoter in order to strengthen the process on several points. But the Vice-Postulator of the Province of France has not yet answered.

DE LA COLOMBIÈRE.—The cause was proposed in the ordinary Congregation, Feb. 12, 1881: a favorable decree was obtained. After all the requisite formalities, finally, under date of January 14, 1882, the dimissorial Letters were granted to make the apostolical process *super fama in genere;* it belongs to the Bishop of Autun to collect the documents for this. Up to the present time, he has not been able to begin this process, or has not deemed it necessary.

BALDINUCCI.—The cause was proposed for the approbation of the miracles in the Congregation of January 10, 1882. A final medical report was ordered. The physician deputed by the Congregation has not down to this date given his vote or his report.

THE ENGLISH MARTYRS.—Since the 8th of April, of this year 1882, the cause has been before the Promoter of the Faith, in order that he might make his observations. He has not taken the charge upon himself; finally, in September, he intimated the desire of the Holy Father, that an application should be made, in order to name a particular Congregation of five Cardinals. Application was made accordingly by the Postulator, and the result will be known after the autumnal vacations.[1]

Three other causes are being examined by the advocates, and it is hoped that, during the course of next year, it will be possible to pass on to further proceedings.—All the other causes are in abeyance, either through defect of miracles or for other reasons. NEGRONI, S. J.

The progress made in the *Causes* during the past decade can be learned by a comparison of these notes with the following statement which appeared in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS for May, 1873 (Vol. II., p. 165).

DE STATU CAUSARUM SERVORUM DEI, SOC. JESU.

1. Proxime ad Canonizationem sunt Causæ BB. Petri Claver, Joannis Berchmans, et Alfonsi Rodriguez. Jam con-

[1] "To shorten the process for the English martyrs the Pope has specially appointed a committee of five Cardinals of the Congregation of Rites to consider the case. These five are Cardinals Bartolini, Bilio, Oreglia, Serafini and Parocchi. Had the usual course of leaving the matter to the entire Congregation been adopted, the case would have been prolonged for many years. The Postulator, Father Augusto Negroni, S. J., has already made progress with the proceedings. When his *positio super introductionem causæ* goes before the five Cardinals, the Promoter of the Faith will put in his *animadversioni*, and to these a response will be made by the Postulator, probably before the end of the year 1883. Afterwards the depositions will be laid before the Pope.

"The proceedings will necessarily take up some time, as the number of English martyrs exceeds three hundred and fifty;—38 of these belong to the Society." *London Tablet*, Nov. 25, 1882.

fecti sunt Processus Apostolici super novis miraculis in Belgio, in Hispania et in America Septentrionali. Ideoque statim ac probata fuerint eorumdem miracula, procedi poterit ad Canonizationem.

2. Ad Beatificationem præ ceteris proximior est Causa V. Rodulphi Aquaqvivæ et quatuor MM.—Deest enim una tantum Congregatio, qua declaretur, procedi posse ad Beatificationem cum iis signis, seu miraculis, quæ proposita sunt.

3. Post hanc venit immediate Causa V. Bernardini Realini.—Desunt tantum duæ Congregationes pro approbatione miraculorum.

4. Circa virtutes in gradu heroico pendet Causa V. Antonii Baldinucci. Deest ultima Congregatio, proxime habenda, super iisdem virtutibus.

5. Pariter una tantum Congregatio desideratur ad absolvendum ac dirimendum dubium de virtutibus in Causa V. Roberti Bellarmini Card. et Episc.

6. Agitantur præterea in S. R. C., Causæ sequentes: VV. MM. Cassoviensium, Marci Crisini Canonici Strigoniensis, et PP. Melchioris Grodzecii, et P. Pongratz S. J.—Agendum est in tribus Congregationibus de Martyrio et de signis.

V. P. Juliani Maunoir.—Agendum est de introductione Causæ.

V. P. Emanuelis Padial.—Agendum est de virtutibus in gradu heroico.

7. Die 16 mensis Octobris 1872, hora 10. matutina, coram Illustrissimo Archiep. Parisiensi inchoatus est Processus super Martyrio quinque Patrum S. J. ab impiis in odium Religionis necatorum.

Atque hæ sunt Causæ, quæ in præsenti aguntur.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S, NEW YORK.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW CHURCH.

[A full detailed account of the Dedication, etc., is promised for the next issue of the LETTERS. The following description is a condensed extract from the guide book prepared for the occasion by Father Aloysius J. D. Bradley: *A Memorial of St. Francis Xavier's Church, comprising a short biographical sketch of the Jesuit Missions in New York, and a Description of the New Church.*]

The corner stone of this new church was solemnly blessed on Sunday, May 5, 1878. The Cardinal Archbishop of New York was at that time in Europe, and he was consequently represented by his Vicar General, Monsignor Quinn, who acted as officiant. The preacher was the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch, who, twenty-seven years before, had preached at the dedication of the old church. Thousands of the faithful were present. It was on this memorable occasion that the Boy-choir, which has since become a special feature and glory of St. Francis Xavier's Church, made its first appearance in public, and astonished and charmed the assembled multitudes with the sweetness, the gravity, and the refinement of its chant.

On the face of the corner stone is cut a horizontal scroll, bearing the title, "St. Francis Xavier," and having a raised Maltese cross in the center. There is a recess in the rear of the stone, in which is inserted a metal coffer, containing a roll of parchment inclosed in a sealed glass tube. The parchment reads as follows:

D · O · M

IN · HONOREM

FRANCISCI · XAVERI

APOSTOLI · SOSPITATORIS · ORIENTIS

LAXIORIS · TEMPLI · OPERE · ADSVRGENTE

ANNVENTE · IOANNE · McCLOSKEY

S · R · E · CARDINALI

NEOEBORACENS · PONTIFICE · MAIORE

GVLIELMVS · QVINN

EIVSDEM · DIOECESIS · IVRE · VICARIO · MODERATOR

SOLLEMNIBVS · CAEREMONIIS

QVAS · PATRITIVS · N · LYNCH · CAROLOPOLIT · PONTIFEX

CONCIONE · AD · POPVLVM · HABITA · CONDECORAVIT

LAPIDEM · SACRVM · AVSPICALEM · STATVIT

III · NON · MAIAS · ANNO · MDCCCLXXVIII

LEONE · XIII · PONT · MAX

RVTHERFORDIO · B · HAYES

BOREALIS · AMERICAE · FOEDERATAE · PRAESIDE

LVCIO · ROBINSON

NEOEBORACENS · REIP · GVBERNATORE

SMITH · ELY · IVNIORE

NOVI · EBORACI · VRBIS · PRAEFECTO

QVVM ÆDES IAM XXVII ANNOS VII MENSES X DIES HONORI S. FRANCISCI XAVERII DICATA FREQVENTIÆ CVLTORVM IMPAR ESSET;

PATRES S. I. PETRO BECKX SVMMO ORDINIS PRÆPOSITO ADPROBANTE TEMPLVM COMMODIVS OPERE ET CVLTV SPLENDIDIVS EXCITANDVM DECREVERE ADMONITV ET INSTANTIA THEOPHILI CHARAVX NEOEBORACENSIVM CANADENSIVM QVE SODALIVM MODERATORIS:

ADSITAS QVAQVA VERSVS PRIVATAS ÆDES AD SEPTEM COEMERVNT EARVM QVE QVATVOR FVNDITVS TRES PARTIM DEMOLITI SVNT ET COLLEGIVM IPSVM MEDIA ALA EXCISA DETVRBAVERVNT VT TEMPLI MOLITIONI AREA PATERET IN FRONTEM PEDES LXXXIII IN LONGVM PEDES CLXXXVI.

TEMPLVM INSVPER GEMINATVM AB INCHOATO EVEHENDVM EXORNANDVM QVE PATRITIO C. KEELY ARCHITECTO COMMISSVM EST.

AD INGENTES OPERIS SUMPTVS CONATIBVS SODALIVM S. I. PIETAS CVLTORVM STIPE CONLATA DONIS QVE ADFVTVRA ERIT.

HENRICVS HVDON RECTOR COLLEGII IVVENTVTI RELIGIONE BONIS QVE ARTIBVS INSTITVENDÆ ITEMQVE DAVID MERRICK VICE SACRA ECCLESIÆ CVRATOR ARDVVM OPVS SOLLERTIA STVDIIS QVE OMNIBVS PROMOVEBVNT.

AVE · FRANCISCE · SODALIS
SI · AMPLIORES · TIBI · AEDES
A · SOLO · EXCITAMVS
AST · TV · AMPLIORE · TVITIONE
COLLEGIO · SODALITATAEQVE . NOSTRAE
VOLENS · ADESTO · FOVETO
BENE · IVVATO

There are many other memorials inclosed in this chest; among them we may mention a fragment of The True Cross in a valuable reliquary, a portrait of the reigning Pontiff Leo XIII., coins of every country of the present day, copies of the architect's specifications, a list of the contributors to the building fund, catalogues of the Jesuit Colleges, copies of contemporary journals, both Catholic and Secular, etc.

The Dimensions of the New Church.—If we include the portico on 16th street and the sacristies in the rear of the chancel in 15th street, we may describe the church (to use the language of New Yorkers) as extending from street to street.

The extreme length from the portico to the chancel wall is 190 feet.

The portico itself is 48 feet by 14.

Length of the church, including the vestibule, is 186 feet.

The vestibule is 18 feet deep.

The breadth of the nave and aisles is 78 feet.

The breadth of the nave at the intersection of the transepts, 136 feet.

The transepts are 45 feet by 20.

The sanctuary, including the steps, is 44 feet deep.

This leaves an area of some 11,200 square feet for the accommodation of the congregation.

The height of the front elevation from the sidewalk is 104 feet.

The height of the interior of the upper church, about 74 feet.

The height of the proposed campanile-tower, 180 feet.

The Lower Church or Crypt.—Before we describe the church itself, it will be well for us to pay a visit to the

Lower Church, commonly known by the undignified colloquialism, "Basement." Here we will be surprised to find ourselves in what, but for its want of elevation, would be considered a handsome and commodious parish church; not that it is by any means stunted in height, it is comparatively lofty, measuring almost 20 feet. The other dimensions are on the same liberal scale as in the Upper Church.

The tone of the decoration gives it a light and pleasing effect by day, while at night it is cheerful and even brilliant. The stately High Altar of white and blue marble, inlaid with mosaics, is the gift of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Half the cost was defrayed by an individual member, the rest was collected by the late Father Mignard. The writer of these pages can vouch for a touching little incident that happened on the day of Father Mignard's funeral, and which he is glad to place on record as a tribute to the delicate refinement of the Catholic poor. A very indigent woman brought a dollar, requesting him with the tears in her eyes: "Father dear, please say a Mass for the repose of Father Mignard's soul, and say it at his own altar."

Above the altar is a copy of the well known picture of the Sacred Heart venerated in the church of the Gesù at Rome. Two lamps of olive oil, the care of a pious association affiliated to the Sodality, burn constantly day and night before it. They are kept lighted for three intentions:

1. In reparation of all the crimes now committed.
2. To obtain graces for America, especially her conversion.
3. For all the intentions of those who subscribe.

The tabernacle door is a work of great beauty. It is the design of a devoted member of the Sodality, whose piety is not exceeded by her evident good taste. It represents the Sacred Heart, surrounded with sheaves of wheat and clusters of grapes, with intertwining tendrils of the vine.

On either side of the main Sanctuary are the shrines of our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph. The white marble altars, constructed in imitation of the ancient *arcosolium*, carry us back in thought to the first ages of the Roman Church

when Christians worshipped in the catacombs, and the tombs of the Martyrs served them for altars.

The *arcosolium* was a sarcophagus, or stone coffin, in which the bodies of the more distinguished martyrs were entombed. This was made the support of the altar-slab for the celebration of Mass. In modern churches, especially Italian, it the custom to inclose the relics of the enshrined Saint in a wax model, representing him in the act of martyrdom. This is what has been done in the case of the two altars we are describing.

Beneath the table of the Lady-Altar repose the relics of St. Amantius, a Roman martyr. His body was exhumed from the cemetery of Lucina, in the Viâ Aureliâ, in the year 1666, during the pontificate of Alexander VII. These relics, and the phial containing the martyr's blood found buried with them, were given to the nuns of St. Theresa "*de urbe*" that same year. With Papal approval they were transferred to the Rev. Father Dealey, who conveyed them to New York. The authentification, dated 1666, very faded and partly eaten away by the chemical action of the ink, is preserved with the relics.

The other relics, under the slab of St. Joseph's altar, are a portion of the body of St. Vincent the Martyr.

In the east transept there is a handsome altar in black and white marbles, the gift of a generous benefactor. It is an altar privileged for the souls in Purgatory. On the retable is inscribed the prayer "Requiem æternam," etc.

In the west transept stands a fine-toned, two-manual organ, described elsewhere. The aisles are subdivided into side chapels, four on each side. Each chapel is furnished with an altar and a handsome oaken confessional.

The altars and chapels are dedicated as follows:

Gospel Side (E.)	Epistle Side (W.)
1. St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus.	1. The Precious Blood of Christ.
2. Blessed Margaret Mary.	2. St. Mary Magdalene.
3. St. Cecilia.	3. The Angel Guardians.
4. The Holy Child Jesus.	4. Blessed Peter Claver.

The Chapel of the Holy Child Jesus is used as the Baptistry. The Font is only temporary. It is to be hoped that some generous soul may soon provide one more worthy and substantial.

The whole church is seated with handsome open benches of ash and cherry wood, providing ample accommodation for 1250 persons, and leaving comfortable standing room for at least a thousand more.

The Inauguration of the Lower Church.—The main altar and those of Our Lady and St. Joseph were consecrated by His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, on the octave of Corpus Christi, 1882. The following day, the Feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Lower Church was opened for public worship. The Most Adorable Sacrament of the Altar was exposed throughout the day. At 9 A. M., Solemn High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Rector, S. H. Frisbee, assisted by the community. It was remarked of the clergymen officiating at the altar, that all three of them were converts from Protestantism. Father Magevney preached the sermon. The modest procession of the surpliced choristers, chanting on their way the quaint and beautiful strains, "*O quanta qualia*"—an unwonted spectacle in this city—touched many a heart, and moved to tears of delight many of those present.

The music of the Mass was a stately orchestral composition, by the famous modern maestro, Franz Witt.

A well known musical amateur (a Protestant lady), when leaving the church at the conclusion of the service, was overheard expressing with energy her emphatic criticism: "*That* was what I call *worship*." "And the preaching?" continued her interrogator. "Well, *that* was what I call a *sermon;* it did me good."

The solemnities of the day were crowned by the Benedictine Service.

The Upper Church.—Intense difference of opinion—even fiercely contested—will probably always continue to exist as to the style of architecture best befitting ecclesiastical structures.

Enthusiasts will doubtless never weary in overbearing attempts to enforce upon others their own æsthetic predilections;[1] meanwhile we may modestly venture the plea that if the Roman Basilica is surpassed in graceful elegance and the minuteness and multitudiness of its symbolisms by the Gothic Cathedral, it is undoubtedly better adapted to the majesty and grandeur of Catholic worship. Moreover, the Basilica is an historical and eloquent monument of the triumph of Christianity.

The devotional gothic church—and we speak of pure gothic, like our own Cathedral, not the cheap pretentious imitations we all know too well—impresses the awe-stricken beholder with the solemnity and deep mysteriousness of religion. It draws a marked line betwixt priest and people, and somewhat reminds one of the Temple of old and its sacred exclusiveness. The Basilica, on the other hand, exhilarates the mind with the joyousness, the boldness and the grandeur of faith, the priestly character of God's people (I Pet. ii, 5) and the oneness of the universal church.

The most ancient *ex professo* treatise on architecture extant defines the perfection of architecture as consisting in the combination of the three excellencies: stability, utility and beauty.

With what success these three elements of good design have been blended in the new Church of St. Francis Xavier must be left to the good taste and judgment of each visitor himself. All we profess to do is to (as it were) accompany him and point out the more notable features of structure or

[1] *e. g.* Prof. Ruskin condemns Mr. Wood for speaking of St. Mark's, Venice, as "remarkable chiefly for its ugliness." He protests that Mr. Wood is naturally incapable of appreciating it. He himself regards it as "a vision rising out of the earth" Again, the late Mr. Welby Pugin, in spite of his universal esteem, was, in the eyes of Mr. Ruskin, "*not* a great architect, but one of the smallest possible or conceivable architects." Professor Parker, of Oxford, considers the modern churches in Rome, "the most hideous in Europe," and George Edmund Street is credited by *The British Encyclopædia* with the following outrageous indictment: "It is not too much to say that throughout the interior of St. Peter's at Rome there is scarcely an ornament which is not offensive; whilst not one of them has the slightest natural connection with or use in a sacred building."

design. While doing this we may venture to remind the reader that we are writing for the general and good-natured public, and not for connoisseurs, still less for those unhappy, self-made outcasts "whose livelihood is to find fault," as Thackeray puts it, and who, imagining themselves to be *virtuosi*, make it their profession to put themselves out of harmony with everything that exists, created or made—saving "number one"—and dub themselves *savants*.

The exterior of the church is of brick, and is plain and solid. In this it presents a noble contrast to the too prevalent bad taste which piles up showy ornament on the outside, and this in spite of what the Divine Founder of Christianity has warned us concerning mere external professions. The Façade is in the best style of Roman architecture. In its main outlines it bears the stamp of the classical period, without losing the distinctive characteristics of a church. Nor is it, like the later Roman façades of the Renaissance, charged with minute ornaments better suited for internal decoration than for a massive exterior. With true architectonic taste Mr. Keely has not been content with building merely an elaborate frontispiece that would suggest rather than express the construction of the church behind it; he has erected a monument which in itself is "a thing of beauty." The framework is in rock-faced and bluish gray granite, while the more ornamental parts of the structure are in mottled granite. It is interesting to know that none of this material ever crossed the seas; it is all from the primitive rock-bed of our own continent. To New Hampshire we are indebted for the polished columns and the lighter colored cornices. The quarries at Monson, Massachusetts, have furnished the blue, the mottled and the snow-flake granite. A colossal bronze statue of St. Francis Xavier occupies the central niche. The portico is supported by columns of polished granite. A grand ascent of twelve steps (hence the ancient word steop (step-up) and so stoop) conducts to the portals of the edifice. Pausing to admire the massive oaken doors, the visitor passes into a commodious vestibule, the beauty of which promises well for the church

itself. The pilasters are of polished marble. A Latin text, appropriately selected from the promises of the Old Testament, runs in letters of gold around the threshold of this New Testament Temple, in which the promise is indeed so literally fulfilled: "*Sanctificavi domum hanc ut ponerem* NOMEM MEUM *ibi et erunt oculi mei et* COR MEUM *ibi.*"

A broad sweep of gray marble steps invites him to enter the church. The style of architecture is what is known as "Classical Roman," liberally modified with adaptations of the ancient Grecian and the latest developments of the "Renaissance."

The lavish profuseness of foliations, friezes, moldings, cornices, etc., surpasses even the Renaissance in luxuriance. Yet the *tout ensemble* cannot be described as overdone. It is all blended in such good proportion, harmony of tone, lightness of handling and lofty grandeur, that the emotion first excited is that of admiring surprise, and next of contented satisfaction. To pretend, however, that either the design or the execution is above criticism or without a fault, would be, of course, an idle exaggeration.

The edifice is in the form of a Latin cross, consisting of Chancel, Transepts and Nave. The chancel is apsidal. The transepts also have small apsidal terminations, apparently modeled from the Cathedral of Pisa; indeed, the ground plan of the church is almost identical with that of Pisa—of course, on a reduced scale.

The general outline of form reminds the traveller of the churches of the Gesù and San Ignazio in Rome. The walls are constructed on the principle of the pier-arch, the arches being upheld by pilasters veneered with "Dove" Italian marble, and crowned with foliated Corinthian capitals. These pilasters (often richly clustered) range round the entire building, giving it almost the effect of a marble palace.

Corresponding with these and parallel with them a row of polished granite pillars (monoliths) support the upper story, technically called the triforium, which, by the way, is not a gallery, nor intended for use as such. There are in all ten of these beautiful columns.

Above the masonry of the arches a highly decorated horizontal entablature belts the whole interior. A higher range of pilasters reaching to the top of the clerestory support the arches of the vaulted roof. The somewhat faulty loftiness of these pilasters is relieved by bracketed statues of Saints, the brackets being so placed as to form a line of unity with the hood moldings of the open triforium bays. The series of arches formed by the bays is continued right round the transepts and chancel, thus forming, with the tribunes, one complete arcade. The compartments of the arcade are frescoed, excepting those which flank the windows of the transepts. These are pierced with apertures for a single light, which form a section of the design of the beautiful windows.

The tribunes, at the intersection of the chancel and transepts, are intended—one for the use of the religious community, the other for a choir-organ when it shall be given.

In the chancel apse the bracketed statues of the Saints are placed in a series of niches *above* the arcade, thus giving a crowning effect to the whole design.

The roof is elaborately decorated with stucco, and richly ornamented and embossed.

The pavement is of gray marble. We notice, not without heartfelt thankfulness, that a step in the right direction has been made in the matter of seats. The hideous unsightly pew (the invention of Protestantism), with its closed doors and its proprietary air, has given place to an open elegant oaken settee.

The six confessionals are handsome structures, likewise of oak.

The altar rail is of marble supported by Corinthian fluted shafts in metal work, with arches elaborately wrought.

The chancel gates are of like skillful workmanship.

The High Altar, graceful and majestic, is, as it ought to be, the central feature of admiration. It is constructed of blue-veined Italian marble, with moldings and cornices, etc., chiseled in fair white statuary marble. It is tastefully decorated with mosaic work, and all the shafts (or small pil-

lars) are of Mexican onyx. The front panels are ornamented with sculptured floral devices, and the Holy Name (I H S) is conspicuous in the center.

The Agnus Dei and the "Pious Pelican" embellish the altar wings. The tabernacle is of white marble. In the beautifully embossed door we recognize the delicate touch of that loving hand which sketched the design of its sister in the Lower Church. Waving palm branches enwreath the Chalice and Host. The cross is in the background, and the imitation of "wood" is perfect. In the Host appears the Sacred Heart of our Lord, while the Precious Blood is flowing down from the gaping wound into the chalice beneath. "*Ecce Tabernaculum Dei cum hominibus*" (Apoc. xxi, 3), is inscrolled in golden letters.

Above the tabernacle rises majestically a white marble canopy, intended to serve as a throne at Benediction-time for the exposition of the Most Adorable Sacrament. This again is surmounted by a graceful cupola. The shafts both of the cupola and canopy are of onyx. The height of the cupola, measuring from the sanctuary floor to the apex of the cross, is 24 feet.

The gradines (sometimes erroneously called super-altars) are spacious and dignified. The breadth of the altar is nearly seven feet. The massive candlesticks are 6 feet high.

The side altars are exquisite gems of art, and in workmanship and finish of detail surpass even the grand altar. They are all constructed of white statuary marble.

The Blessed Virgin's Altar is on the Gospel side. The *mensa* is supported by shafts of very perfect specimens of Mexican onyx. In the graceful capitals the initial letter M is tastefully formed of intertwining lilies. The central front panel contains the Heart pierced with Sorrow (St. Luke ii, 35) in *alto relievo*. It is wreathed with roses, and three lilies sprout from the neck. Angels bearing scrolls, "*Regina Martyrum*" and "*Regina Angelorum*," occupy the niches in the side panels. The gradine is inscribed with the prayer, "*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.*" The panels of the screen on each side of the tabernacle are filled with lilies in *basso re-*

lievo, with the angelic salutation engraved on scrolls, "Ave Maria, Gratia Plena." The tabernacle door is embossed with lilies and rosary beads.

St. Joseph's Altar is modeled after a similar design: the materials equally rich. The capitals of the onyx pillars display the letter J. A group of lilies in *alto relievo* beautify the central panel.

"Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis" is carved on the retable; "Ave Joseph, Justus et Fidelis" on the scrolls of the screen.

The Altar of the Sacred Heart is erected as a memorial of the late Father Mignard, on the part of the archsodality of the Sacred Heart. The front is divided into panels. In the central one the Sacred Heart of Jesus is surrounded by adoring cherubs. The other panels contain the instruments of the Passion: the ladder and spear, the scourge and the sponge. On the gradine we read the prayer, "*Cor Jesu, miserere nobis.*" The central niche of the reredos is ornamented with a foliated cornice, and bordered with a wreath of Passion flowers, vine leaves, and grapes, in *basso relievo*. The panels are diapered, and scrolls convey the gracious invitation: "*Venite ad Me, Ego reficiam vos.*"

The Altar of St. Aloysius, otherwise called the Students' Altar, is exceedingly chaste and simple. The Front consists of two panels of diapered lilies, broken by a semicircular scroll, on which is carved, in Roman sunken letters, the Jesuit motto: "*Ad majorem Dei gloriam.*" In the center is a medallion, with the crown of thorns, the sacred monogram, and the nails of crucifixion, in *alto relievo*, a device, which is, in fact, the "Seal" of the Society of Jesus. On the gradine is the invocation: *Sancte Aloysi, ora pro nobis.*" The screen is subdivided into small panels, three on each side of the niche. In the central panels, sculptured angels carry scrolls, with the names "Berchmans" and "Stanislaus."

The Mural Decoration.—One very admirable feature of the church is the irresistible appeal to devotion, which meets the eye of the worshipper in every direction. It is, as it were, "a temple built of living stones." Wheresoever he looks he will find something to speak to him, instruct

him, console him, animate him; either preaching to him the eternal truths of salvation, or recalling the memories of the triumphs of faith; here encouraging him to fight manfully the battle of life, there cheering him on to the attainment of the glory which is to come. Beauty and edification are combined. The style of architecture is such as to admit even profuseness in gilding; this however is merely, as yet, tastefully indicated. The windows are filled with pleasing geometrical glass of delicate tints, and the rich and subdued effect is that of holy cheerfulness rather than the "dim religious light" of a Gothic church. It is perhaps needless to observe that the pictorial style of stained glass would be quite out of place in a building so lavishly adorned with mural scenic paintings.

The frescoes were sketched and painted on the walls themselves by Mr. William Lamprecht. This artist obtained the medal of honor awarded in 1864 by the Royal Academy of Art in Munich, and two years later carried off the first prize for historical composition. He is a pupil of the celebrated Professor Schrandolf of Munich.

As the visitor enters the church he almost seems to meet our Lord Himself, bearing His cross along the *Via Dolorosa*, for the stations of the cross, in characters nearly life-size, are painted *al fresco* on the walls. These frescoes fill the whole space between the pilasters, and very beautiful they look in their chaste, simple setting of polished dove marble. Looking toward the high altar the eye is at once attracted by the bold frescoes which form a background to the arcade round the chancel apse. These represent the five principal events in the life of our Saviour:—His Conception (commonly called the Annunciation of the B. V. M.), His Nativity, His Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension.

On a lower level, ranged around the altar are portraits of five typical missionary saints of the Society.

B. Peter Claver, the apostle of the blacks, who died a martyr of charity.

St. Francis Jerome, the evangelizer of cities, admirable for his sweetness and patience.

St. Francis Borgia, the zealous organizer of foreign missions, remarkable for his intense devotion to the real sacramental presence of Jesus upon earth.

St. John Francis Regis, the missionary of peasants and the meek uncomplaining victim of calumny.

B. Peter Canisius, the reclaimer of protestants and schismatics, who by his success in withstanding the progress of Lutheranism won for himself the title of "Apostle of Germany," while for his prodigious learning he was surnamed "The Incomparable Canisius."

The mural paintings above the altar of our Blessed Lady illustrate the Visitation and the Presentation in the Temple.

Over St. Joseph's altar are two very sweet pictures of the workshop at Nazareth and the death of St. Joseph.

In the west transept the small apse which contains the student's altar, is beautified by frescoes depicting on one side the Guardian Angel, and St. Stanislaus in the garb of a pilgrim receiving the Holy Eucharist from angelic hands on the other.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus.—The Altar of the Sacred Heart, in the east transept, is adorned by two striking paintings; that on the right is a landscape view of the church and garden of Paray-le-Monial as they exist to-day. In the foreground a statue marks the spot where our Divine Lord appeared to B. Margaret Mary on the eve of her profession—an apparition known as "*au berceau de Noisetiers.*" She herself is kneeling there habited in the novice dress of the Order of the Visitation.

That on the left describes the most famous of the many apparitions our Lord condescended to favor her with. She was kneeling behind the grating of the nuns' choir, in adoration of the B. Sacrament, on a day within the octave of Corpus Christi, when suddenly our Lord became visible to her. "Jesus came to me all resplendent with glory, His five wounds shining like five suns. Flames issued on all sides from His Sacred Humanity, but particularly from His ador-

able breast, which resembled a furnace. At the same time He disclosed to me His most loveable heart, the living source of these flames. I beheld His Heart on a throne of fire and flames, shedding rays on every side. The wound the divine Heart received on the cross was visible, and it was encircled by a crown of thorns, and above it appeared a cross. My Divine Master then said to me: 'Behold this Heart, which has loved men so much that it has spared nothing for them; it has been exhausted and consumed to testify its love for them, and in return from the greater number I only receive ingratitude; they unceasingly grieve Me by their irreverences and sacrileges, by the coldness and neglect with which they treat Me in the sacrament of love. But what grieves Me still more, is that hearts consecrated to Me should treat Me thus. Therefore I ask thee that the first Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi be consecrated as a special feast in honor of My Heart: the faithful shall receive Holy Communion on that day, and offer solemn reparation for the indignities My Heart has received when exposed on the altars. I promise thee, that My Heart shall be opened to shed the effects of its divine love abundantly upon those who shall render it this honor, and who by their zeal shall cause it to be rendered.'"

In the arcade of the same transept are representations of The First Vows of the Companions of St. Ignatius and the death of St. Francis.

The Apotheosis of St. Francis.—The large central medallion on the roof at the intersection of the nave and transepts is one of the most beautiful frescoes in the church. It represents St. Francis, clothed in priestly vesture, borne heavenward by angels. One holds in readiness his crown, another the lily, others are weaving garlands of flowers, while a group are carrying a scroll, on which is inscribed his constant favorite ejaculation, so oft repeated as he lay dying and abandoned, "O, Most Holy Trinity!" The subject is, of course, purely ideal. The four less medallions which surround the center-piece represent angels bearing scrolls which celebrate his virtues. One holds out the green

palm of victory to "Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies," another the lily of chastity for "Xavier, Virgin in Soul and Body," a third carries the cross and chalice, and salutes him as "Defender of the Faith," the fourth, mirror in hand, proclaims him to be a "Mirror of true piety." The whole roof of the church is treated in a similar style. Angels with scrolls invoke him in joyous Litany as "Destroyer of idols; Helper in famine, pestilence and war; Terror of devils; Whose power the sea and tempests obey: Life of the dead; Most obedient; Most chaste; Most poor; Worker of Miracles; Overflowing vessel of Divine love."

The Japanese Martyrs.—When in 1549 Francis Xavier entered Japan there was not one Christian in the country; forty years later there were more than 200,000. Among them were kings, princes, and bonzes. In 1588, however, began that era of fiery persecution which, for its cruelty and duration and the fortitude and constancy which it evoked, is perhaps without a parallel in Christian annals.

The year 1597 was specially memorable by the glorious crucifixion of twenty-six martyrs. This is the subject of the fresco-painting on the north wall of the west transept. The sufferers comprised three Jesuits, SS. Paul (Michi), John (Gotto), and James (Kisai); six Franciscans; two altar boys, fifteen years of age, and a third who was but twelve; the rest were converts. It is on record that the boys astonished all beholders by the joy and courage with which they suffered. All these lovers of the cross of Christ were beatified by Urban VIII., and subsequently canonized by Pius IX. in 1862. Their feast is observed on the 5th of February, the day of their triumph.

The Patrons of Youth.—This is the painting on the left of the Students' Altar. It is in the conventional style. The Infant Jesus, standing on his mother's lap, is giving to St. Stanislaus his hand to be kissed; on the other side, St. Aloysius, on bended knee, is accepting the lily of purity from the Immaculate Virgin; in the foreground kneels Blessed John Berchmans, clasping in his hands his crucifix, beads, and book of rules. These three young men, all of

them scholastics of the Company of Jesus, are universally venerated, especially in the colleges of the Society, as the patrons of youth. Aloysius is a type of purity and the spirit of penance; Stanislaus, a model of simplicity and innocence; John Berchmans, of modesty and studiousness. All three, stainless lilies in the terrestial garden of grace, were transplanted to the glories of the celestial Paradise in their virgin bloom. May they watch over the *alumni* of their dear alma mater, the Society of Jesus! How intense their love for the Society was, may perhaps be inferred from the fact that St. Stanislaus walked over 1,400 miles to enter the novitiate; Aloysius used to say that he would have been content to have passed through Hell to have reached it, while B. John could never speak of it without transport: "My dear society! . . . The society of my heart! . . . The work of an almighty finger! . . . The living image of the life our Lord led upon earth."

The Statuary.—In the center of the apse, above the High Altar, stands the image of The Sacred Heart of Jesus, and on either side The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph; next are St. Ignatius, holding in his hands the book of the Constitutions of the Society, and St. Francis Xavier, preaching with crucifix raised aloft. After these come St. Peter, with the keys, and St. Paul, grasping the sword of martyrdom. Ranged around the transepts figure the eleven Apostles, while the two great windows are flanked by the four Evangelists. St. Matthew is recognized by the angelic attendant in human form; the lion crouches at St. Mark's feet; the ox designates St. Luke; the eagle, St. John. These ancient symbols, derived from the Vision of Ezekiel (i, 10), indicate the special characteristics of each Evangelist. St. Matthew dwells on the human nature of the God-man; St. Mark begins his gospel with, as it were, a lion's voice roaring in the desert; St. Luke insists on the priestly (sacrificial) character of Christ; while St. John soaring high, like an eagle, teaches us the sublime truth of the eternal Godhead, of the Word made flesh.

The Apostles, likewise, can be readily distinguished by their respective emblems.

James the Great, the Apostle of Spain, waits staff in hand, as if inviting us to visit his tomb at Compostella, once a so famous place of pilgrimage. He can also be recognized by the shell.

James the Less wields the author's pen, as a New Testament writer.

St. John holds in his hands the poisoned chalice which he drank unhurt.

St. Bartholomew, the knife, for he was flayed alive.

St. Philip glories in the cross, to which his crucifixion entitles him.

St. Matthew points to the open pages of his Gospel.

St. Simon leans on the saw, one of the instruments of his torture.

St. Jude, beaten to death for the faith, is grasping the club.

St. Thomas is conspicuous by the carpenter's rule (square). This is his emblem as the patron of architects; a tradition originating in one of the miraculous events of his apostolate in India.

St. Andrew rests his hand upon his × shaped cross.

Below these are half-length effigies of the four greater prophets, rising from the capitals of the clustered granite pillars, and seeming to bear up the vast arches of the vaulted roof. These, too, have their respective emblematic devices, copied from a mediæval design, commemorative either of their personal history or the more famous of their prophecies. The saw indicates Isaias and his painful manner of death. The "burning coal" and the "tree of Jesse" are explained by the following texts: "One of the Seraphim flew to me, and in his hand was a live coal from the altar, and he touched my mouth" (Is. vi, 6). "There shall come forth a stem out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall sprout forth" (xi, 1).

Jeremias is characterized stroking his beard and weeping

his laments over Jerusalem, her idolatry, and her doom, both symbolized in the medallions beneath.

EZEKIEL carries the sword of martyrdom and the scroll of the Word of God which he was bidden to eat (Ezek. ii, 8). The "city gate" reminds us of his celebrated prophecy proclaiming the perpetual virginity of the Mother of God: "This gate shall be shut, and no man shall pass through it, because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it; therefore it shall be shut" (Ezek. xliv, 2). The pair of scales, or "balance," is an allusion to certain mystic rites he was bidden to perform (ch. v).

DANIEL is easily recognized by the lions, the three children in the furnace, and the basket of bread miraculously brought to him when he was imprisoned in the lions' den.

Thus practically are we reminded of that exultation of St. Paul: "The Church is built upon the foundation of prophets and apostles, JESUS Christ Himself being the chief corner stone."

The statues in the nave are ranged in pairs, as follows:

ST. AUGUSTINE.	ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.
(These two face the altar.)	
ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.	ST. MICHAEL THE ARCHANGEL.
ST. PATRICK.	ST. BRIDGET.
ST. FRANCIS.	ST. DOMINIC.
ST. TERESA.	ST. ROSE OF LIMA.
ST. VINCENT OF PAUL.	ST. ALPHONSUS.
ST. CATHARINE OF SIENNA.	ST. CECILIA.

KANSAS.

Letter from Fr. P. M. Ponziglione.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
December 31, 1882.

REV. DEAR FATHER,

P. C.

From an article of the *Catholic World*, December, 1881, and another from the *San Francisco Monitor*, reported by the *St. Louis Western Watchman*, July 15, 1882, page 7, it appears that some learned men are inclined to believe that the great St. Thomas extended his apostolical labors from farther India to the Pacific coasts, and from California came down to Arizona and Mexico! This matter being very important from a historical point of view, it is worth while in my opinion to inquire into it, for if it could be proved that St. Thomas came down as far as Mexico, it would become very easy to show the origin of several religious practices of our Western Indians, practices about which neither they nor we can give any satisfactory reason.

And here I do not intend to contradict what eminent scholars have said or written on this matter; I only wish to help the development of an intricate question, and if by such inquiries it could be found out, without going so far back as to St. Thomas, how these Christian practices, yet in use amongst some of our Western Indians, especially the Mexican, came to be introduced among their nations, we should prefer this to any other theory on the subject.

Having been living with the Osages since 1851, and having during this long period of time come in contact with most all the different nations of our Indian Territory from the gentle Cherokees who dwell on the eastern line, to the wild Kiowas, the terror of the western boundaries, I have examined their ways, habits, and traditions as closely as I

could, and the only conclusion I could come to has been that they seem to be of Jewish derivation almost without exception, and if in some of these nations practices are to be found which appear to be of Christian origin, I do not think that such can be traced so far back as to St. Thomas, but they must be of more recent date.

Some time ago I wrote a letter on this subject to a friend of mine, but as I have reason to think that he never received it, I will reproduce it here, in hopes that it may perhaps throw some light on this question.

The idea of bringing St. Thomas to plant Christianity on the soil of Mexico is certainly a great one, I should say a gigantic one! Those who hold such an opinion are no doubt very learned, and the arguments which they adduce in support of this hypothesis would appear to be very convincing.

As regards the etymology of the names and the symbols of the great personage supposed to represent St. Thomas I have nothing to say, for I acknowledge that I am quite ignorant of whatever concerns Mexican literature and traditions. My objection is rather to the institutions and ceremonies of the Aztecs, as representing the Sacraments as well as other religious rites and usages of our holy religion, such as monastic life, the fast of Lent, public penances, processions and the like, for I cannot feel inclined to look on St. Thomas as the author of all these good things, but would rather believe that at some early day, long before Christopher Columbus discovered this country, some holy and zealous Catholic Priests might have landed in Mexico and planted on that virgin soil our holy religion, with all its good practices. In process of time, however, those Priests having died, and no others having been left to succeed them in the ministry, the faith which they had planted must gradually have disappeared, so that by degrees all marks of Christianity were effaced with the exception of some few relics I might say of sacramental ceremonies, and of other religious rites which the ministers of the pagan

worship must very willingly have adopted to induce the converts to Christianity to return to them. The Priests of the Aztecs were indeed shrewd enough to resort to artifices of this nature.

You might ask me on what authority do I advance a supposition as bold as this? Well I will tell you, that all my authority rests upon an account of the discovery of a cave reported to have been found in Florida at the beginning of our late war. If the account given at that time by the newspapers be true, I think that my supposition would be the easier to demonstrate what has been the origin of all these relics of Christianity to be found amongst the Mexican, as well as Western Indians.

I do not remember well whether it was during the first or second year of our civil war, but I feel confident that it was before the end of the third year that I read in the newspapers an account of a very interesting cave having been discovered in Florida; neither do I remember what paper it was that gave the account, though it seems to me that it was the *Missouri Republican.* The mind of the people at that time was so much preoccupied with the daily bulletins of the war, that generally they would hardly care about reading anything except news and reports concerning the two conflicting parties. I read the article again and again, and I am sorry that I did not preserve that paper.

In that journal it was stated that two young men of a town in Florida (the names of the town and county being very plainly given) were out fowling in the country, and following up the wounded game, it escaped into a bush growing out of some rubbish. The young men, anxious to bring out their game, began to clear the bush with the butt of their guns, and in doing this the gun of one of them fell heavily on a large slab which sounded as if it were hollow underneath. They wondered at the sound, and not caring any longer about the game, they determined to find out what mystery the rock concealed. They cleared out the bush, and to their surprise they noticed some rude steps going down to a small opening like a door. Here you may

easily suppose how their curiosity was excited! They must discover where these steps may lead, and as the inside appeared to be very dark, they make torches of pine sticks, and start down the steps on their exploring expedition. They had not descended very deep when they found themselves on the floor of a large cave. Seeing that the ground under their feet was solid they moved around very cautiously examining the walls. And lo! when they came opposite to the entrance of the cave, they noticed some writings carved on the rock. Quickly they raise their flickering torches to see what was there written, and behold they found an inscription telling that in a certain year of the Christian era a party of Danish navigators having been shipwrecked on the coasts of Florida, succeeded in making a landing; they were kindly received by the natives, who allowed them to repair their vessel, and this having been refitted they were obliged to depart. At the foot of this inscription was the name "Romanus Præsbiter," which I can only translate as follows, "Romanus, the Priest."

From this I can come to but one conclusion, that these Danes must have been Catholics, and Romanus (whether this was his patronymic, or whether he called himself so to signify of what church he was Priest, makes no difference) was their Chaplain, or he was some Missionary traveling to visit his people. Now, the inscription says that no sooner was their vessel refitted than they were obliged to depart; well, it would seem but probable that they must have directed their course to the nearest coasts, to supply themselves with fresh provisions, of which their unexpected delay must have made them stand in need. Going on a course due west they could but strike in the vicinity of Mexico, and in all probability there they landed and remained for a good while.

Now, supposing that really this was the case, it is but probable that Romanus, acting according to the spirit of his calling, must have tried to enlighten the natives, and God helping him he must by degrees have made followers, and so introduced Christianity amongst those people. Whether

Romanus was the only Priest that was in the vessel, or there were more with him we cannot tell; this, however, would not interfere with my supposition, for we know that an apostolic man can convert a nation by himself, in the same way as the Apostles did.

This hypothesis in my opinion can stand, and the probabilities are in its favor. We know from history that Denmark was once a good Catholic country with numbers of Monks, Nuns, Priests, and Bishops, whose names we frequently find recorded in the Martyrology. Relics of their ancient churches, and monasteries are yet standing to show what that country was in former times. Moreover, in those old days the Danes were a powerful nation, perhaps the best navigators of that age, and they boldly coursed the seas in search of new countries, just as people do in our days. Now, this hypothesis once admitted, the religious problem concerning the origin of Christian-like rites amongst the Aztecs of Mexico could in my opinion be very easily explained without bringing St. Thomas from India to the Mexican shores.

Here you might ask, how can this matter about the cave be ascertained? Well it seems to me that this could be done without much difficulty. Let some historical society of Florida offer a premium for the one who would be able to find out whether such cave really exists, or not. Let the newspapers of the different counties of Florida printed during the first three years of the war be thoroughly searched over, and the truth will come out. The expenses and trouble of such an investigation would by no means be useless, for in the supposition that the reported discovery was a mere fabrication calculated to create a momentary sensation in literary circles, by now proving its falsehood an historical error might be prevented in time. But if an investigation of this kind should prove that really a cave with such an inscription does exist, who can tell what light this might throw upon the history of this country, and who knows that this discovery might open the way to some other of still greater importance.

PAUL M. PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

NOTE.—As statistics should always be correct, so I take the liberty to inform you of an error made in the printing of your LETTERS (vol. 11, n. 3) for September, 1882. At page 281, line 13, it reads: "*no less than nine thousand, &c.,*" it ought to be: "*no less than nine millions.*"

Again on the same page, line 24; "*dwindle away to hardly fifteen thousands,*" it ought to be: "*dwindle away to hardly fifteen hundreds.*"

OBITUARY.

BROTHER MICHAEL KAVANAGH.

No better epitaph can be placed upon the grave of dear Br. Michael Kavanagh than the following:

"Christo viventi mori lucrum,"

for whoever knew him during the 23 years he passed at this Osage Mission can bear testimony that he lived, and labored only for God, whom he recognized not only in the person of his superiors and brethren, but also in that of the poorest of the Indians, to whose service and instruction he devoted the best part of his life.

Br. Michael Kavanagh came to Osage Mission on the 21st of October, 1858, and in those early days the life of a Brother at this place was really a hard one, for the Brothers being very few in proportion to the community we had, and the duties they had to attend to, a Brother frequently was obliged to fill different offices at the same time. This was the case with our Brother, of whom I can say in truth, that he was *ad domestica*, that is to say for any job imaginable. Yet withal he never appeared to be tired, never was heard to complain of having too much to do. When his assistance was needed for any new exigency he was always ready to accommodate every one, and you were sure to meet him with a smile on his countenance and a sweet word on his lips. He was the model of a perfect religious; his patience and charity were the most prominent of his virtues, and these he displayed most remarkably when for some twenty-five days he volunteered to take care of a wretched

white man, who having been fatally wounded in a quarrel, was brought to us in a dying condition.

The unhappy man, an American by birth, had been shot in the lower part of his body, and his bowels were literally torn to pieces. He was senseless when some strangers brought him to us in the middle of the night and left him in our charge. Indeed we did not know what to do! The poor man needed assistance, and could not be refused a shelter, but who could take care of him? Good Br. Kavanagh seeing the perplexity of our Superior offers himself on the spot to be the nurse. His offering is received with pleasure, and every one feels confident that the wounded man is in good hands.

The charitable Brother goes to work, and in a few minutes he has the dying man on a comfortable bed, he gives him some stimulant, and watches by him most carefully during the the balance of the night. The poor man, who is of portly proportions, is quite helpless; he is sobbing and roaring like a wild stag that has been shot by hunters, and so exhausted is he from the loss of blood that for two days he is not able to speak a work. He is one of those who profess no religion, and his being so sadly hurt is but the consequence of his debauchery! At last he recovers his intelligence, and looking around, like a man who awakes from a long sleep, he seems to wonder at finding himself in a religious house. He looks up with suspicion and contempt, he gives no answer to our questions, he curses frequently and shows himself irritable and sullen! Such conduct did not discourage our dear Brother, O no indeed. He passes over all this, and just as if the poor man had been one of his best friends, he nurses him, he dresses his wounds, and tries to assuage his pains with more love and tenderness than a mother ever would show to the dearest of her children. Such charity was bound to conquer. The unfortunate man by degrees became conscious of his dangerous condition, his looks became more friendly, he speaks more freely, and appears sensible to kindness; he begins to enjoy our company, likes to converse about God and the

future life, and craves for instruction. Meanwhile the weather being very warm mortification sets in, his flesh is fast falling into corruption, and he is a living corpse! He sees that death is on him, and following the inspiration of grace with which God in his mercy is moving his heart, he wishes to be reconciled with his Creator. He publicly pardons his enemies, he deplores the scandals he has given in his life time. At his request he is baptized, and strengthened with the last Sacraments, he dies the death of a sincere penitent on the 29th of July, 1868. The conversion, and, as we hope, the salvation of this man were due to the heroic patience and charity of our dear Br. Michael Kavanagh. These virtues, which in several other instances he displayed with an equal courage and perseverance, drew on him the esteem of all that knew him. We could but admire him, and the children loved him most tenderly.

By the end of last June, having settled all the accounts of our scholars, he bade them farewell. They went home to their vacations, and he being afflicted with an inflammation of the bowels was obliged to withdraw to the infirmary, where his case soon appeared to be a serious one. He felt that the time for his dissolution was at hand, and far from flattering himself with the hope of recovery, he made his preparation for death, full of confidence that he would not miss his reward! And this was no presumption in him, for after 23 years of continual labor in the service of God in this our Mission, he could say with truth that he had 'fought the good fight' against his passions, he had 'finished his course' with honor, he had 'kept the faith' in the midst of numberless temptations, and now he had a right to expect that crown which God, always faithful to his promises, will never deny to his servants.

He lingered in great distress for over one month; at last on the 18th of August he slept in the Lord, after having received the last Sacraments with most edifying devotion. At his death, he was 62 years of age; of these he had passed 29 in our Society. In him we had a treasure, and alas! his death made us really understand how valuable he was to

us. May his soul rest in peace, this is the prayer of all, who for so long witnessed his virtuous deeds; and this is particularly my own prayer for him who during so many years has been my right hand in taking care of the poor Indian children, and who never refused me a service no matter how tired and busy he might be. R. I. P.

PAUL M. PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM THE MIDDLE OF JULY TO DEC. 25TH, 1882.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—The Summer in Boston this year during the months of May and June was unusually cool, and thus favored the work of the Fathers engaged in Missions.

In the month of June we gave two missions in the diocese of Springfield, and we found the fire in our rooms very comfortable, especially in the mornings and evenings.

In Houlton, Maine, where one of the Fathers gave two missions in June also, the snow was scarcely melted in some places. We gave a mission even in July at Marblehead, about twenty miles north-east from Boston, near the sea, and we found the weather very pleasant. We thus can continue our work in New England during the Summer months, which would be impossible in the South.

Retreats to the clergy and to the sisters formed the chief work, however, in July and August. Rev'd Theodore A. Metcalf, formerly Chancellor of this diocese, and now the Pastor of the church in Marblehead, invited our Fathers to give a mission to his people.

Marblehead is a port of entry of Essex Co., Mass., on an irregular rocky peninsula of its own name. It is pleasantly situated in an excellent harbor which is accessible at all seasons to vessels of the largest class. The congregation of

this place is larger in Summer than at any other time, as many persons from the cities have cottages here, and the large hotels in the town are filled with boarders in the warm weather. The inhabitants are extensively engaged in the cod fisheries. Many ships and brigs, owned here, sail from and return direct to Boston. There are also manufactures of various kinds. The principal articles produced are boots and shoes, which give employment to our Catholic people, both men and women.

The church is a very handsome one and being situated on high ground the steeple with its large gilt cross is the most prominent object that strikes the traveller's eye as you come near the place. The Fathers found work enough for a week. Many who made the mission and filled the church every day came from a distance. The children formed an important part of our care, as there are no Catholic schools here, and many of them were being prepared for First Communion and Confirmation. Two converts presented themselves to be received into the Church. They were left in the care of the Pastor for more instruction. One was an Englishman, the other a native of the town. One thousand confessions were heard, and Holy Communion given to nine hundred.

Centralia, Pa.—This mission began September 17th, and ended on the 24th. Two days more were spent here, in order to catch those who had not had the courage to come to confession during the previous week. This was a good idea, as some who had not been to the exercises, took advantage of this last opportunity to confess their sins. A lecture was also given by Father Maguire during this time. There was in honor of our Blessed Lady a fine procession of the children through the town on the second Sunday of the mission.[1]

Centralia has about two thousand inhabitants, and is in the very heart of the coal country. The miners are of va-

[1] Due to the zeal of Father Casey.

rious nationalities. The Irish are quite numerous, and hold on to their faith and its practices. Notwithstanding the troubles of former years on account of the "Mollie Maguires," it is now thought that that reign of terror is over forever. Certainly the Catholics in this town have no sympathy for secret societies, as they have already lost too much by them. The congregation numbers, perhaps, twenty-five hundred, scattered through the town and the neighboring collieries. It is composed principally of Irish, though there are some Germans and Poles, living near the "Dark Corner," who are very good Catholics. The Irish in some parts of the coal regions are more like a colony transplanted from the old country. They have the old-time customs and festivals, are very strict in regard to the holy days of obligation, and on St. John the Baptist's feast-night have the mountains ablaze with bonfires for miles and miles around.

The Fathers were much pleased with these good people, and, especially, with the children for whom two instructions were given every day. The boys, though sent to work too soon, are smart and innocent. They are the "pickers" in the mines, that is, they separate the slate from the coal at the breakers, or immense sieves on inclined planes. No machinery can do the work of these urchins; and hence when they quit work, all mining operations have to cease. And they know this, and, now and then, put the bosses in mind of it by giving up work, when any injustice is done them. During the evenings, it was amusing to see these little fellows struggling, and almost fighting for their turns at the confessionals. The Fathers were obliged to interfere, to prevent trouble and to see justice done. The older folk were no less anxious than their children to comply with the conditions of the exercises. An old woman, who had walked for four miles fasting said: "Father, I want to make this mission under Father Maguire. I was one of those who fasted until six o'clock in the evening seventeen years ago, when the Fathers were in Pottsville in Schuylkill County."

There were two thousand Communions; five Protestants were received into the Church; a hundred persons gave their names for Confirmation. Two or three hundred scapulars were distributed during the week.

Frs. Maguire, Casey and Morgan gave this mission.

In the midst of the coal country, one sees how gigantic the business is, and what a revenue the companies must have that own, or rather monopolize the mines. By purchase, or by tricks too well known on 'change, a few railroad corporations control the trade. The price current is in their hands; the miners get less wages now than formerly, and are not allowed, for months at a time, to work more than three days in the week for fear of an overplus in the market, and a consequent fall in the value of coal. Such dealings give the companies a bad name at home and abroad.

St. Mary's, Philadelphia (Oct. 1–15).—This church was built by the Society in 1763, but during the suppression it fell into the hands of the secular clergy. Very little comfort has it given to its pastors since the opening of the century. What with trustees, bad Catholics, and bad priests, the faithful have had to undergo many trials. Of late years, and, especially, now under the management of its zealous pastor, Doctor Horstman, the congregation, once the most aristocratic in the city, is gaining in the number, if not in the wealth of its members. The history of this church and the Hogan schism is too well known to be repeated here. Suffice it to say that the ringleaders against the Bishops were cursed in themselves and their children. It is sad to read the names on the tombstones in the graveyard near the church, and to reflect that many of the descendants of the people buried there have lost their faith, and are now its bitterest enemies. The Barrys, Meades and Careys, historic names in civil and ecclesiastical affairs of our country, are for the most part, no longer Catholics. The spirit of rebellion which they showed has produced in their children, apostasy, its natural effect. The most infamous book ever written in America on the celibacy of the clergy has for its author a grandson of Matthew Carey.

The mission was overcrowded from the beginning, as the pastor thought it unnecessary to divide the congregation. The men fared badly, as the women took nearly the whole church to themselves. The galleries, after three or four days, were reserved for the men, and then they had a chance to make the mission. The pastor saw his mistake too late to correct it.

Among the results of the mission it may be mentioned that eleven Protestants were baptized, and others left under instruction. Though in truth this counting of converts as the work of the mission needs to be taken cautiously. In two cases out of three, the candidates present themselves the first days of the exercises, and are not carried along by the general excitement, not having even heard any of the sermons. The mission gives them an opportunity to receive instruction, and encouraged by the example of others, they embrace the faith. These remarks are made to do away with the prejudice against mission converts, though it seems a proper thing to listen to an erring brother and instruct him at any time.

There were 4,250 Communions; 110 adults were Confirmed, and 40 prepared for First Communion. Many marriage cases were settled. J. A. M.

Our next mission was at St. Andrew's Church, City Hall Place, New York; it lasted two weeks, from October 22nd to November 6th. Fathers Maguire, Langcake, Morgan and Kavanagh gave the exercises. This church was formerly used by the Universalists. Afterwards it was known as Carroll Hall. Here it was that Archbishop Hughes fought against the Public Schools. And yet, strange to say, there is no school belonging to this church. In fact, the parish to-day is about what it was twenty years ago. It seems to be waking, and will try to make up for lost time. This mission was the first ever held in the church. The pastor, Fr. McMahon, was very well satisfied with our labors. The women, of course, attended well. The men were greatly benefited, and the vast majority received the Sacra-

ments, but not all. There are several who live within a stone's-throw of the church, who have not been in the church for over twenty years. A day or two before the mission opened, one of the assistants was called to see a sick man. He asked the wife if she was going to attend the mission. "What mission?" "Why, the one to begin Sunday." "That is the first I have heard of it, your Reverence." Then she began to speak about, as she supposed, the pastor, and when told he died nearly three years ago, she was astonished. This is not an isolated case; plenty more like it are to be found. The parish is quite cosmopolitan; all nations are represented; Irish, Germans, Italians, Chinese, etc. The pastor did all in his power to make the mission known, yet he was a little afraid that the people would not attend as well as he would like; but when he saw the number on the first day he smiled, and said: "my trouble is over: the mission will be all, and more than I hoped."

Every pew was filled, and all the aisles were packed. St. Andrew's never had so many within its walls before, and the men on the second week turned out even better than the women.

This is perhaps one of the worst parishes in the city; the famous Five Points is situated a little north of the church. Here the Howard Mission House tries to entice the children to their services, by means of food and clothing. One child accused herself in confession of worshiping false Gods; that was too much for me, and asking how, the answer I got was that she went to the Mission House. But this was nothing in such a place, where ignorance and vice were rampant. We shall have to travel far before we find, on the whole, as hard cases. There were some very good ones, where are there not? but the bad ones by far predominated. Superstition was rife, and fortune tellers reaped a rich harvest, but the poor boxes did likewise during the mission. This must have got abroad, as they were broken open once, and twice a man was arrested who hid himself in the church.

I was a little astonished one day; a man had been away from confession ten years; that much settled, I asked him:

"What have you been doing since?" "In the liquor business, your Reverence. "Confirmation was to be administered after the mission, and as it can be received but once, grave doubts were raised; e. g.: "I've got a ticket for Confirmation, your Reverence; but I think I was confirmed before." "Why do you think so?" "Well, your Reverence, I think I was confirmed in Ireland." "But don't you remember?" "Not very well, your Reverence; but I think I was." "How old were you when you left Ireland?" "About eighteen, your Reverence." "Surely you ought to remember then." "Well, your Reverence, you know the Bishop does not come around very often, and I was a little fellow at the time." "But why do you think you were confirmed?" "Well, your Reverence, I think I remember my mother telling me once, that the parish priest put ashes on me." The poor fellow was as serious as could be about the matter, and had grave doubts whether he should present himself or not. Such tales might be multiplied ad infinitum. One amusing case I must tell. When we would tell the old women to say the act of contrition; not a word; then when we began it for them, they would tell us, "I have it in Irish," and then say it in Irish. One of this class who, I afterwards found out, would not be satisfied unless she said a whole string of prayers in Irish, before she began her confession, came to me. When I opened the slide she looked at me in astonishment, her hood was thrown off, she was all prepared to hear well. When she saw me, she cried out, "Ah-h-h, sure you are not my little man, where is he?" Supposing she meant one of the assistants, I told her he was hearing in the box in the end of the church. She started up to go to him, and instead of going around she climbed over three or four benches which were placed between the boxes. She did not go to the box at the end of the church, but stopped at Fr. Morgan's, where in spite of all he could do, she had her say in Irish, which took her nearly ten minutes. Those preparing for confession, and bringing themselves to a hearty sorrow, lost it all for a while; in fact, one of them made it a cause of confession that she laughed at the old woman climbing over the benches.

As a result of the mission we had nearly 6,000 Communions—80 adults were prepared for First Communion. Ten were Baptized, and two more left for instruction. On the Monday following the mission, His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, administered Confirmation to 588, of these 350 were adults. Some of them were hardly able to walk from old age.

It was a grand sight, and yet a sad one; grand to see the good work done; sad to think so many had been neglected.

I forgot to mention in the proper place an incident at one of the sermons. One night while preaching on death, Fr. Maguire said: "Now, I want to ask you two questions, and I want you to answer them. Is there any one here in mortal sin?" Here he paused as for a reply. One of the men shouted out, "Yes, Father, I am," and immediately another replied, "And I am too." Some thought they were drunk, but the pastor says they were perfectly sober, but earnest. The second question was then put: "Where would you go, if you were to die to-night?" He did not stop here, as he did not wish a scene, but in spite of all, the first fellow shouts out: "to Hell, sure."

If the work is hard, such results as these well repay us for all, and urge us on to gather in the harvest, and ask the good Master to send more laborers. It is time I think to stop or my communication may be thrown in the waste basket. One word more, it is to return thanks to those who assisted us to hear confessions. The two assistant Rectors of St. Andrew's worked nobly; besides these FF. Toner, Daubresse and Nash claim our thanks, which, for want of something better, we most heartily give them.

If you would excuse me, I would add as a P. S. that the mission ended the day before elections, a time to lay by lots of barrels. The boys of St. Andrew's were not slow in this regard, but to their credit let it be put, that two barrels belonging to the church were respected, and not one of the young gamins thought of touching them, although they were within their reach all day.

Enough about St. Andrew's. Let us on to Philadelphia and take a look at

St. Agatha's.

The west Philadelphians, not having the culture of the Hub, are quite primitive in their pronunciation of proper names. St. Agatha's in their mouths becomes St. Agátha's. His Grace hoped one of the results of the mission would be the proper pronouncing of the name of the patroness of the church. This was the second mission given by Fr. Maguire in the new church; it began on November 14th and ended on November 28th. The first one was four years ago on the opening of the new church. The church is very beautiful. The more you see of it, the more you like it. What is best about it, it is all paid for. There is a debt of twenty thousand dollars on the ground, which the pastor says he can pay at any time; but he does not care about doing so. The old church with residence, if sold, would bring him more than the debt. He has no school at present, but when opportunity offers he will have one. Just now he is looking for an eligible site. Two or three could be had, but a clear title to the property cannot be obtained, Directly opposite the residence a splendid position, and sufficiently large, is offered, but unfortunately, there is some flaw in the title. It is only a question of time; a man who can build such a church as the pastor has done, and pay off the debt in such a short time will not be long without a school-house.

Seventeen years ago, there were but three hundred people in the parish, now the number is twenty-five hundred. I do not suppose they will increase much more, but they are generous, love and respect their pastor who has their interest at heart. He is indeed a father to them. We can bear witness to the zeal of the pastor and his assistants, for they were all at work during the mission nearly as hard as ourselves. A hint was enough to get them to do anything. They were always ready to do their share, and so willingly that it was a pleasure to be with them: the name of the pastor is Rev. John Fitzmaurice; the assistants are FF. Brannan and McAnany.

The church although large could not hold all who came. It was soul-inspiring to have such an audience before you. There must have been more than five hundred at the five o'clock Mass every morning. This is, perhaps, one of the best signs of how the mission is going on, when sleep will be neglected, and fatigue forgotten in the good will shown to do the mission well. If the priests pleased us so did the people. The best of good will was shown. Even the little ones came out in numbers: over five hundred attended the instructions every day. The class for adults also was well attended, and among them were many Protestants. Fifteen were baptized, and four left for further instruction. One member of the adult class, said he was born in Mexico. His color would give no indication as he was much darker than Mexicans generally are. He was none of your common trash, not he. Any one who could boast of a name like his could not demean himself to be classed among the vulgar herd. He gloried in the name of General Philip Sheridan, who gave it him. "Have you any other name?" "Yes, sah." "What is it?" "Prince Albert, sah." Who will ask what is in a name after that? He was a conundrum from first to last. "Was he really baptized?" was the question often put, but the darkey himself always insisted that he was, and that General Sheridan gave him his name.

The number of Communions given numbered over 6,000. Of course this number did not come from the parish. Persons came from all parts; some even from the other extremity of the city. Over 40 made their First Communion.

To show the generosity of the people, let me give an account of the collection taken up to defray the expenses of the mission. Two or three weeks before the mission began, the big collection of the year, that to pay the interest on the debt, was taken up. During the mission, outside of the ordinary collections, the women gave in their collection $450, and the men $432. What great things can be done in Philadelphia.

During this mission a great number of marriages was settled. I mention it here on account of the number—there

were enough for three or four missions. After the mission, receptions to the Sodality and Temperance Society were in order. Sixty boys joined the Cadets of Temperance, and over fifty men the Temperance Society. The Sodality was the great feature: over three hundred persons, male and female, consecrated themselves to our Blessed Lady. This was a good ending to our two weeks' labors. May that Blessed Mother always help us to make sinners feel that she is their sure and safe refuge.

This mission was given by FF. Maguire, Morgan, Hamilton and Kavanagh. Our thanks are due to FF. McElhone and Regnery, who came from other parishes, to help us to hear confessions. H. K.

MISSIONS BY FR. HAMILTON.

Fr. Hamilton opened a mission October 8th in St. Bernard's Church, West Newton, Mass., Fr. C. McGrath, Pastor. This mission lasted two weeks, during which time, over 1200 persons received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. Three mixed marriages were made all right, and four converts were left for instructions for Communion. There is a great deal of bigotry existing in this little town, even to such an extent that servant girls, in some cases, were forbidden to attend the mission, on the ground that it was enough to go to the meeting on the Sabbath day. Nevertheless, the good servant girls came *every day* for at least one exercise. At the building of this church, some years ago, the Protestants attempted to put a stop to the good work on hand, but some found out to their cost that the Irish were too much for them. The Mayor of the town was called upon to act as Umpire in the case, and finding the Irish in real earnest, he was obliged to decide in their favor. At this mission the Pastor was requested not to ring the big bell at so early an hour in the morning as 5 o'clock. With this request the Pastor politely complied, as he would not have the applicants disturbed at such an unseasonable hour. But my good Irishmen turned out in strong force about four and a half in the mornings, and the clattering of

their heavy brogans upon the hard, concrete pavements, was more than enough to disturb the slumbers of seven times seventy sleepers.

On the 29th of October, another mission was begun by Fr. Hamilton, at the CHURCH OF THE STAR OF THE SEA, EAST BOSTON, MASS., Fr. John O'Donnell, Pastor, Fr. Kenealy, Curate. Only one week's mission could be given in this parish, on account of the mission which was about to begin at St. Agatha's, West Philadelphia. The Pastor was pleased with 800 Communions and with the conversion of the head of a family of seven Catholic children. Many who had been away from their religious duties for years were brought back to the church once more. During this mission at East Boston, the only death which took place was that of a little girl, eight years old, who insisted on coming to confession to *Fr. Hamalin* and to get the blessing. A few hours after she received absolution, she was terribly mangled by the railroad cars, but lived long enough to receive the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

The mission at ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, BRIDGEPORT, CONN., commenced one week after the mission at St. Agatha's. In Bridgeport we have the residence of the celebrated showman, P. T. Barnum. As we enter the city of Bridgeport, our attention is attracted by the howlings of Barnum's wild cats, lions, leopards, tigers and other animals.

Fr. Maguire who opened this mission was called at the end of the first week to begin another mission in the beautiful church of St. Francis Xavier in New York city. Fr. Kavanagh and I were left to continue the work at Bridgeport, and we were kept at that work from 5 o'clock Monday morning until 10 o'clock Saturday night. With the help of the kind Pastor and assistants, we managed to hear upwards of 4,000 men, and amongst the number we had a good sprinkling of actors, actresses, weight-lifters and pugilists of Mr. Barnum's circus. Besides the men, we had over 4,000 women to confession, and 14 children were baptized,

each of whom was large enough to come to the mission unattended.

N. B. The Pastor's name is Thos. Synnott; assistants, John Synnott and Fr. W. Shanley.

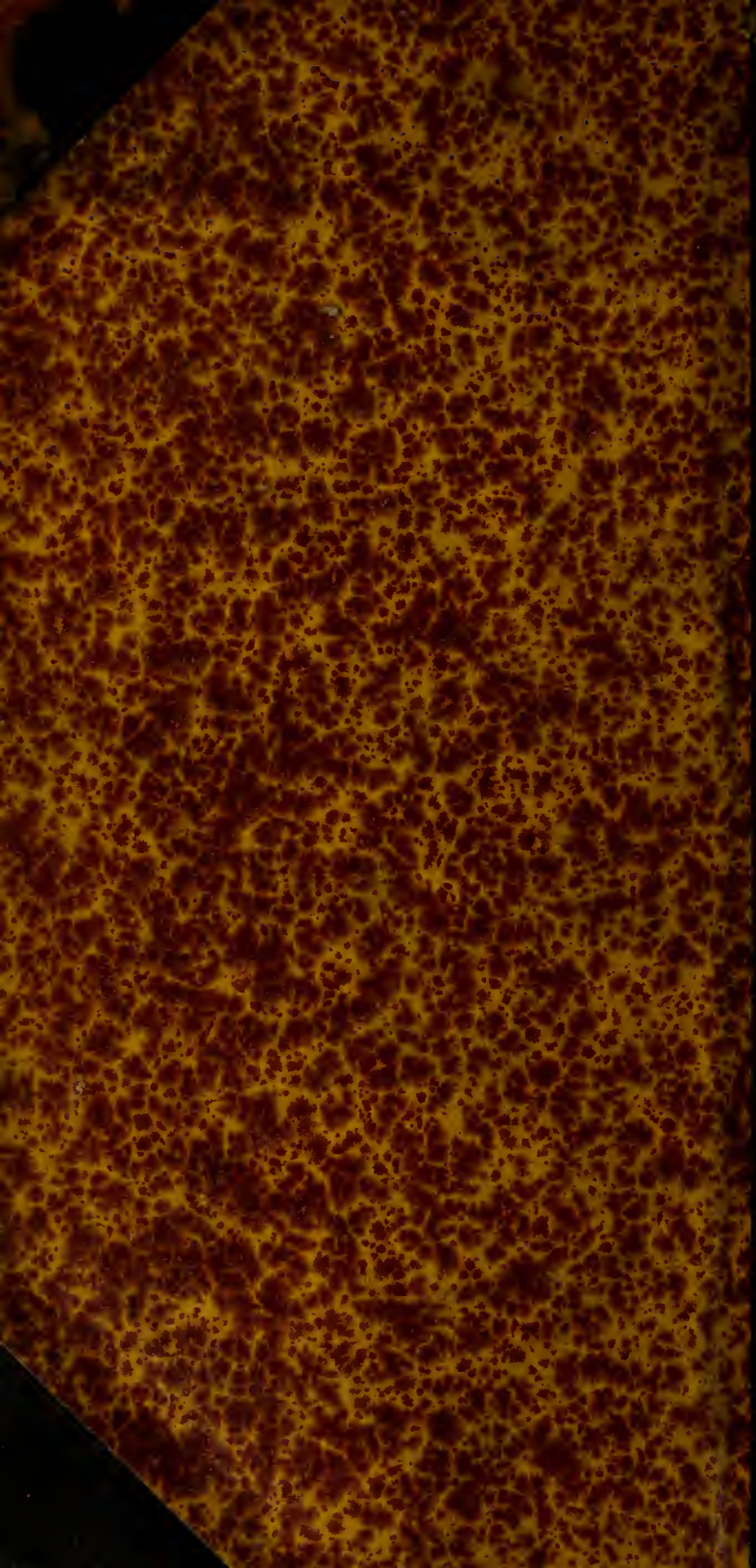
The proprietors of the dance-halls, concert saloons, barrooms and other places of the kind were asking the question: "What is a mission? Our places are deserted. What's going on?" The answer was: "You had better step up that way and see for yourselves."

Fr. Hamilton was also engaged at Marblehead, Mass., to prepare the people for the feast of St. Theodore, November 8th. Six hundred persons, more than half of whom were men, received Holy Communion.

Whilst the other Fathers were engaged at Bridgeport or New York, Fr. Morgan gave several small retreats. After a triduum at JENKINTOWN, where the people were prepared for the feast of the church, the Immaculate Conception, he gave a three days' mission at SNOW HILL in New Jersey, [December 10–13]. There is a settlement of negroes around the church, but all are Methodists, and, at the same time, great shouters when they get religion. Their ministers kept up a revival whilst the Catholics were attending the exercises. The fervor of these colored people did not prevent them from stealing a part of the weatherboarding from the Catholic Church sometime ago, nor the wooden monuments from their own graveyard.

Short missions were also given at GLASSBORO and WOODBURY. This part of Jersey is very sandy, and yet good crops of corn and potatoes with other products of truck farming are noticed on all sides in summer. The towns are kept up by the manufacture of glass. In these retreats there were nearly seven hundred Communions.

Fr. Langcake during the autumn gave missions at BOSTON, in St. Mary's, for the Sodalities, in UTICA, and in WASHINGTON for the colored people. Results were over eight thousand Communions.

General results for the autumn: First Communion, adults, 175; Confirmation, adults, 595; Baptism, adults, 48; Baptism, children, 20; Communions, 39,600; Converts to be instructed for Baptism, 12.

NOTE.—To the above results must be added the figures for St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, where one of the principal missions of the autumn was given. The account of it has not yet arrived, but is promised for our next number.